

# THE ATHENÆUM

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## BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The NEXT MEETING will be held at CAMBRIDGE, commencing on WEDNESDAY, October 1, 1862, under the Presidency of

The Rev. R. WILLIS, M.A. F.R.S.,  
Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the University of Cambridge.

The Reception Room will be at the Town Hall.  
Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A. LL.D. F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, University Museum, Oxford; or to Prof. Babington, M.A. F.R.S., Prof. Living, M.A., and the Rev. N. M. Ferrers, M.A., Local Secretaries, Cambridge.

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40, Trinity College, Dublin, August, 1862.

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SUMMER SESSION, commencing MAY 1, 1863.  
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NOTE.—Fruits specified in the above Classes will be excluded from Class GG.

GG.—Miscellaneous .. .. .. 2 0 .. 1 10 .. 1

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VII. Carrots, 12 ..	0 15	.. 0 10
VIII. Parsnips, 12 ..	0 15	.. 0 10
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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

## LITERATURE

*Fourth Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council; with Appendix. (Printed by Order of the House of Commons.)*

Sir William Temple tells us that he took more pains with his Essay on Health and Long Life than with any other of his miscellaneous writings. Indeed, he makes it a sort of boast that he always felt a special interest in the subject. But who has not? The Temple, it is true, from the Prime Minister of two hundred years ago to the Prime Minister of to-day, have been notorious for their length of life and physical energy; but the desire of enjoying a prolonged and healthy existence is not confined to that successful family. We all feel it. It is a kind of ambition, which is constantly increasing, and is in its nature insatiable. It not only grows with the progress of States, but it seems to receive a new development from the spread of civilization. Each individual no longer limits his hopes and fears in this respect to himself and his family, but he discovers that he has a direct interest in promoting the general health and increasing the mean duration of life in every class of the population. Cold-blooded economists have calculated the money value of a young agricultural labourer. They say his death at the age of twenty-five involves a national loss of 246*l.* 7*s.* The tax-payer who contributes his quota to meet the Army Estimates cannot, on the lowest ground, be indifferent to the fact, that to maintain an available force of 187,000 men, the country has to bear the cost of 13,000 soldiers in hospital; and that out of this army, nominally 200,000 strong, there are in time of peace 6,400 deaths every year, whilst amongst an equal number of males of the same ages in the general population the annual loss is only 1,500. It may, therefore, be said with truth, that the sanitary state of the army offers a wide field for retrenchment. In time of war this is still more striking. For every 100 British soldiers actually serving before Sebastopol, there were 58 in hospital. The total number of deaths from all causes in our Crimean Army was over 20,000; but of these only 5,000 were from wounds in action, by far the greater number of deaths arose from defective sanitary arrangements. Instead of a loss by specified diseases of over 15,000 men, as in the Army of the East, an equal number of persons of the same age, in a healthy district in England, would have lost during the same time only 610 individuals.

Ill health and excessive mortality arising from a disregard of sanitary regulations are not peculiar to the army. Dr. Farr calculates that there are every year over 100,000 premature or avoidable deaths in England, and more than 1,000,000 persons who suffer from serious illness, also the direct result of neglecting the laws of health. His calculations, our readers are aware, are based on comparisons between certain selected districts and the rest of the country. We mentioned recently, that in the extra-metropolitan portion of Surrey less than 18 persons in 1,000 die annually. This is the lowest death-rate at present. In certain manufacturing districts, it is exactly twice as high (36 in 1,000); and throughout the whole of England it is, on an average, 22 in 1,000. In comparing the districts in which the death-rate is low with those in which it is high, some particular form of disease has been found to characterize the latter. The causes of this disease have in many cases been traced, and in some cases partially removed. For the

last four years, comparisons and investigations of this kind have been instituted by Dr. Simon, the Medical Officer of the Privy Council, and the Report he has just issued completes one of the most important and interesting of these inquiries. The death-registers had shown that in certain districts, the seats of particular kinds of industry, grown-up men and women die from diseases of the lungs six times more than in other districts of England. The object of the inquiry was to trace this effect to its causes. It embraced some of the largest branches of popular industry:—cotton-work, silk-work, flax-work and wool-work, in their several respective departments, at Preston, Blackburn, Macclesfield, Leek, Coventry, Pateley Bridge, Leeds, Bradford, Stroud and Melksham; the manufacture of watches at Coventry; the making of hosiery at Leicester, Hinckley, Nottingham, Radford and Basford; of straw-plait at Tring and Berkhamstead, and of lace at Towcester, Newport Pagnell, Nottingham, Radford and Basford; tin-mining, copper-mining, coal-mining, iron-mining and lead-mining, at Redruth, Penzance, Wolverhampton, Merthyr Tydfil, Abergavenny, Reeth and Pateley Bridge; the smelting of metals, and the making of metallic instruments, large and small, at Merthyr Tydfil, Abergavenny, Wolverhampton, Bromsgrove, Alcester, Aston, Birmingham and Sheffield; also, at the latter two places, the making of miscellaneous articles from pebbles, shells, ivory, horn, wood and gutta percha.

The results of this large inquiry are, in one sense of the word, satisfactory. They answer the question which claimed investigation. They explain how it is that the inspected occupations are so hurtful to those who follow them; how it is that, in much of our best national industry, the workman, by reason of his work, loses some considerable part of his life.

In the first place, apart from whatever unwholesome influences belong to the special nature of this or that industrial process, it has appeared to be the general fault of the inspected in-door employments, that the work-people are apt to pass their day—often a very long day—in rooms which are more or less unwholesome through want of ventilation. In a very large proportion of cases this unwholesome condition prevails to such an extent, that deaths by phthisis and by other tubercular and scrofulous diseases might be expected.

The evil occurs under different industrial circumstances:—one industry is followed in the houses of the work-people; another with more or less aggregation in common work-places. Throughout the whole scale, from the humblest cottage industry up to the highest developments of our factory system, amid infinite differences of occupation, the same great evil abounds.

Dr. Greenhow's experience of Birmingham is anything but creditable to that great centre of industry. Many of the operatives are accustomed to work in ill-ventilated and overcrowded work-rooms. Though some factories in Birmingham may be regarded as models of their kind, there are several, in other respects first-class establishments, deficient as regards the size and ventilation of their workshops. In many instances, a small establishment having been developed into a large factory, the older portion has become inadequate to meet the increased requirements of the business; and, although additional rooms may have been erected, the original workshops are overcrowded. In other cases, houses originally designed for private dwellings have been converted into factories, for which they are very ill adapted. Sometimes even newly-erected factories were

found to be deficient in suitable means of ventilation, or in the amount of cubical space necessary for the number of persons employed. Of 35 workshops, of various sorts, but chiefly belonging to the button, electro-plating, japanning, gun-lock and steel-pen trades, 16 had less than an average of 200 cubical feet of space per head. The Medical Inspector also found that the prevalence of pulmonary disease, from the bad air of hot and crowded work-rooms, was well known in the silk-factories at Coventry, but that very little was done either by masters or operatives to protect the lungs. In one factory, a rude attempt at ventilation was made, not, however, for the sake of the work-people, but in the interests of a susceptible part of the machinery:—

"The heated atmosphere, when the gas was lit, during the previous winter, had so much injured the pattern cards used in weaving with the Jacquard loom, that it had been found necessary to make openings for ventilation through the ceiling. This mode of ventilation was only on trial, and its permanency would depend on its successfully preventing the damage done to the machinery. The danger to health from respiring a heated and highly-dried atmosphere appears never to have occurred to the manager as a sufficient cause for improving the ventilation, though he stated that he often felt much stuffing and oppression of the chest when in the weaving-rooms at night. In fact, both the importance of proper ventilation in factories, and the best mode of effecting it, are at present but ill understood."

The cotton-mills of Blackburn were found by Dr. Greenhow capacious, well constructed, and not overcrowded; ample breathing space, varying from 600 to 1,000 cubical feet, being afforded to each operative. The work-rooms in some of the older mills are low, but in those of more recent construction they are lofty. These rooms are almost invariably warmed in winter by means of metal pipes heated by steam; and lighted with gas, which is necessarily used for four hours daily during several of the winter months. The ventilation, as is common in factories, is often very defective, not so much on account of the want of provision for ventilation as from this not being made use of. In some mills the buttresses between the windows contain a hollow shaft extending from the ground to the top of the building, communicating freely, by means of apertures, with the work-rooms, and at its upper end with the open air. In others, tubes or shafts, divided into two unequal parts by a longitudinal partition, are carried through the ceiling of the work-room to the open air, and protected at the top by a moveable cowl, intended to exclude rain and yet to allow the free passage of air. These are designed to act like the "down-cast" and "up-cast" shafts of mines, the vitiated air being intended to pass up one side of the partition, the pure air to descend down the other; but, in point of fact, this does not always happen, for the same reason that the shafts of a mine do not act properly, unless the air in the up-cast shaft be rarefied by burning a fire at the bottom; and very frequently, on examination, air was found passing sometimes upwards, sometimes downwards, in both divisions of the tube at the same time. In cold weather, especially, a current of cold air is very apt to set down both divisions of these tubes, rendering it necessary to close them, and thus stop all ventilation where these alone are relied on for that purpose. The temperature in many of the factory-rooms of Blackburn is high, especially in the spinning-rooms, most of which were found to be very hot, and some of them quite stifling. This was said to be necessary



in spinning "high numbers," or, in other words, very fine yarn,—but, as Dr. Greenhow remarks, whatever temperature may be necessary to the manufacture, is surely not incompatible with proper ventilation.

One of the parochial surgeons of Blackburn informed the inspector that lads employed in these rooms at the age of 14 rarely survive to the age of 38.

The unwholesomeness of the factories on account of defective ventilation is not the only evil exposed in this Report. It has been found that in many of the inspected employments there are special sources of danger to the lungs by way of direct irritation, and that against these various special dangers little effectual precaution is taken.

Thus, in some gigantic branches of our national industry (such as the textile manufactures, the manufacture of earthenware and china, the manufacture of steel and iron, and in many less extensive occupations) work-people in large numbers—sometimes nearly all who are employed in particular departments of the business—break down prematurely with lung-disease, under pressure of the mere dustiness of their occupation. For, in the cases referred to, the "dustiness" in the occupation implies that the artisan, during his dust-making work, draws at each breath into his air-tubes a quantity of finely-divided metal, grindstone, flint, clay, shell, ivory, bone, charcoal, wool, cotton, flax, silk, or other material which is in use; and, putting aside all question of the immediate inconvenience thus occasioned (which presently ceases to attract the artisan's attention), the gradually accumulating consequences of the habitual irritation are—primarily, confirmed bronchitis, and secondarily, in the graver cases, an irreparable destruction of lung-tissue.

In other branches of industry there is the influence of working in an atmosphere much altered by heat, and of alternating between that atmosphere and the common, perhaps wintry and inclement, outside atmosphere. In many of the inspected occupations, bronchitis, attributable to this influence, appears to be extremely frequent:—both in cases where the hot industrial atmosphere is very moist and steamy, as in the slip-making department of potteries, and in the so-called "roving," or wet-spinning department of flax-factories; and also in cases where the industrial atmosphere is dried by heat,—especially if the dry heat be (as it commonly is) an attendant circumstance of defective ventilation.

In metallic manufacture, the grinders and polishers of steel are the worst sufferers. Their work consists in giving final shape and smoothness to the edges, points and surfaces of innumerable steel instruments; and as this final shaping and glazing of hard metal is done by the rub of revolving grindstones and emery wheels, dust is of necessity produced in every step of the process,—dust which may be exceedingly fine, but is of extreme hardness. The diffusion of this dust into the air of work-places is not nearly so great in wet-grinding as in dry-grinding; for in wet-grinding the surface of the wheel as it revolves dips into water, and carries thither a large proportion of the detritus which otherwise would be diffused into the air; but even in this case there continues a perceptible diffusion of the dust, and unfortunately the grinder suffers a special inconvenience in the damp to which he is habitually exposed. Moreover, the dust of mere grinding and polishing is by no means the only dust of the work-places in question. For first, each grindstone, when new, must itself be rough-ground into shape by the workman; and afterwards, perhaps twice or thrice a day, its worn surface

must be fresh roughened for use; and in these processes of "razing" and "hacking," as they are called—processes which dry-grinding and wet-grinding have in common—great clouds of grit, rising from the wheel, first densely envelope the operator and then diffuse through the work-place.

Against this great evil some not inconsiderable pains have been taken. To a great extent it is now the case that the dry-grinder's wheel moves in a partial wooden casing, from within which the dusty air is constantly being drawn by a revolving fan into an air-shaft away from the workman. Notwithstanding this contrivance, the employment is very hurtful;—first, because the ventilated wheel-box is used only in dry-grinding; secondly, because in dry-grinding it is not universally used; thirdly, because, even where it is used, there still escapes into the work-place a considerable residue of dust from the processes of grinding and glazing; and, fourthly, because it has no sensible influence on those clouds of dust which the processes of razing and hacking engender.

One of the principal cotton districts seems to have been subjected to a very careful survey by Dr. Greenhow. If the constant pressure and hurry of business was heretofore an excuse, as some people have pretended, for not bestowing much thought on the minutiae of sanitary reform in the cotton-factories, the same apology cannot be urged now. Those who are interested have, unfortunately, ample leisure at present to devote to the subject; and, judging from the account the Inspector gives of the staple trade of Blackburn, it is well worth consideration.

According to the Census, the manufacture of cotton affords employment in Blackburn to nearly one-half of the men and more than a third of the women above the age of twenty years, besides a considerable number of very young people of both sexes. In addition to the ordinary cotton-mills, there are several mills in which waste cotton and shoddy are worked up, and also some print-works. These are not confined to the town, but extend throughout the district, mills being met with in most of the outlying villages and hamlets. The mortality from pulmonary diseases of all kinds, including phthisis, in this district is at the average annual rate of 7·08 per 1,000 males, and of 7·34 per 1,000 females, without distinction of age; whilst the average annual rate of mortality from the same diseases in six of the northern standard districts is only 2·97 for males, and 3·04 for females. Dr. Greenhow gives the real meaning of these figures when he says, "The cotton operatives of Blackburn are by no means a robust-looking race, the men especially being very often pallid, sallow and stunted."

The different departments of a cotton-factory are not equally unhealthy; the carding-rooms are by far the most injurious. About a third of the whole establishment are employed in these rooms, and they constantly inhale a dusty atmosphere, with much cotton-fibre diffused in it. Some of them are exposed to special aggravations of the nuisance; the card-strippers, for instance, who remove adherent cotton from the carding-engine, and who during this process surround themselves with an extraordinary amount of dust; and still more the card-grinders, who, in the daily process of grinding the engines, share the liability of ordinary dry-grinders and inhale a metallic dust. The influence of the carding-room atmosphere on persons regularly employed in it is such, that few reach fifty years of age without having acquired an amount of chronic bronchitis which at no distant time disables them. It is very satisfactory to know that this evil is in great part controllable. It varies in

degree according to the quality of the cotton and according to the arrangements of the work-place. It is lessened in proportion as the room is lofty and ventilated, in proportion as the carding-engines are closely covered, and in proportion as means are used to diminish the dust-producing processes. In some factories the carding-engines, when about to be ground, are taken out of the room; in some, the grinding is done by a machine which supersedes manual labour, and to a great extent saves the grinder from metallic dust; and in some there are carding-engines so constructed that with them no stripping process is necessary.

Even the operatives occasionally employ some rude device to mitigate the mischief. In the "breaking-room,"—where the waste cotton is torn into a woolly state previous to being re-spun,—they cover the mouth with a handkerchief to avoid inhaling the dust and flue given off in large quantities during the process.

Any one looking through this portion of the Report may very naturally ask whether the interference of the legislature is not required to protect the workmen. That the subject is one deserving, at least, of further attention, and perhaps of the criticism of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, is evident from a fact mentioned by Dr. Greenhow:—

"It was said by a manufacturer that a large portion of the dust and flue which escapes into the atmosphere of the rooms might be intercepted and carried away by means of properly-contrived flues and fans; but that the expense, both of the machinery and of additional steam-power to work it, is a barrier to their being employed."

—We have not, however, any estimate of what this additional expense might be. We knew that a class of operatives who contribute largely to the wealth and greatness of England are "pallid, sallow and stunted," and the victims of excessive pulmonary disease, on account of the unwholesome atmosphere in which they work. We now know, further, that this atmosphere is capable, to a large extent, of being purified; but that the mill-owners shrink from the expense of doing so. Surely, under such circumstances, the Government is bound, as a mere question of public economy, to estimate this saving cost, and see if it can be fairly weighed against the health and the life of the working man.

Ample details are given in this Report of the condition of the mining population of Wolverhampton, Merthyr Tydfil, and other mineral districts. It is evidently a great mistake to imagine that the high death-rate in this population is due to what are called mine accidents. The miners' real enemy works slowly, but unceasingly. As a class they break down prematurely with lung-disease. The origin of this is clearly ascertained. Evidence was repeatedly given, that the men suffer in proportion to the dust and powder-smoke diffused through the atmosphere of the mine,—that this depends on the greater or less inefficiency of the ventilation,—that the well-ventilated mines are much less injurious to health than such as are ill-ventilated. Differences, indeed, were spoken of, dependent on geological circumstances of the mine,—that mines in some strata would be dustier than mines in other strata; and no doubt this is the case. But the great difference was the difference of ventilation,—a difference which of course makes itself more felt in proportion to the dustiness and other impurities of the mine: as it was better or worse, the miner's time for disablement varied. In one mine which was visited, all the men, it was stated, became short-breathed before the age of forty.

In the North of England, where the mines are comparatively well-ventilated, pulmonary

diseases are by no means so common as in the districts lately visited by Dr. Greenhow. Even in the latter, instances of fair ventilation are not wanting,—instances so well known that the great mass of mine-owners cannot plead ignorance of the practical value of such preventive measures. In one mine the smoke is swept away in a few minutes after the explosion, whilst the atmosphere of other mines in the same district is scarcely ever free from smoke, which only disappears by what the miners expressively call "dying away." The miners employed in the former were reported to be nearly exempt from miner's asthma; while it was ascertained of the latter, that almost all the men were asthmatical.

The Mine Regulation Act of 1860 will do something to check this evil; but it fails to carry out the intention of the legislature in one point, at least, of importance. As originally prepared at the Home Office, it contained a clause providing for the ventilation of "all accessible places." Unfortunately these words were struck out, at the suggestion of the mine-owners, on the ground that the beneficial result of such ventilation would be small, and the expense very heavy. Since the passing of the Act, the operative miners have complained loudly of this amendment. Some of them have even suggested that the great calamity at the Hartley Colliery Pit might not have been so fatal in its results had these words been retained, for the Yard seam, in which the workmen took refuge, was, at the time, not a working seam, and therefore not ventilated; it came under the category of "accessible places," which, according to the law as it now stands, the mine-owner is not bound to ventilate.

We have said that the labours of Dr. Simon and his staff are in one sense satisfactory: they have traced pretty clearly the causes which tend to destroy the health and shorten the lives of the manufacturing population. So far they have completed their own peculiar duty. It now remains for the public, for the employed, the employers and the Government to devise the proper remedy. From those immediately concerned, the employed and the employers, we have not, in general, much to expect. We are forced, by experience, to agree with Dr. Simon, that even where the mischief is most flagrant, the workman sometimes has a short-sighted hesitation about the remedy. He is apprehensive lest, if his occupation were made harmless to him, his weekly wages would be made smaller. He is jealous of new introductions of machinery, which in some cases might supersede hurtful processes of hand-labour. Then, too, the progress of disease is slow,—phthisis scarcely making itself felt till it has stealthily got an irresolvable hold on life,—bronchitis a mere nothing for years, till gradually it grows to the pitch of chronic suffocation: both diseases so small at first, and so insidious; and the young artisan hopeful and careless, and death far in the distance. As to the master-manufacturers, Dr. Simon holds out very little hope of a general reform from that quarter. "In many instances the employer seems not to have given any thought whatever to the matter—seems to be unconscious of any particular responsibility in regard of it—seems not to know, or for practical purposes not to care, that he makes his commercial profits with an unjust and wasteful consumption of his neighbour's life."

It is evident that the legislature must interfere; and with this view Dr. Simon makes three suggestions. He proposes that all industrial establishments should, in respect to the persons employed in them, be subject to the same provisions as are now in force, under

the Nuisances Removal Act, in relation to the health of persons in whose neighbourhood such establishments exist. This is certainly very like the principle of Mr. Ayrton's Bill of the late session; and, if the reception that Bill met with in the House of Commons is any indication of the future spirit of Parliament, we fear there is not much chance of Dr. Simon's proposal becoming law very speedily. His other suggestions are more likely to be carried out. They are simply proposals to extend Government inspection, and enlarge the present powers of Inspectors. No one who has read his Report will be inclined to deny that there is cruel overwork of women and children in premises which have not the steam-engine or water-power qualification to be inspected; that there is abundant causation of premature death in mines which are neither coal-mines nor iron-mines; and that potters, grinders, carders, hacklers, not to mention hosts of other artisans, may, any of them, show the same claim as coal or iron miners—the claim of grievous physical suffering—to have the special circumstances of their industry subjected to Government superintendence.

*The Life of Sir Philip Sydney.* By Julius Lloyd, M.A. (Longman & Co.)

By one who has to commence acquaintance with Sir Philip Sydney, and the records of his career as statesman, soldier and poet, this book may be read with pleasure; by one already acquainted with all or half of that which has previously been written on the subject, it will be perused with little profit. Here and there, perhaps, a loose date or a somewhat unimportant fact may be corrected or recovered, but beyond that we can promise any one decently read in Elizabethan literature nothing whatever. The style of the narrative is unpretending and simple enough: if the present production were a prize essay, written to order, Mr. Lloyd would have acquitted himself well of his task. The writer has no special qualifications of any kind beyond a love of his subject to mark him out for the work he has chosen. Mr. Lloyd reminds us that Sir Philip Sydney's life has been well called "poetry put into action"; and this remark recalls the observation which we made touching Mr. Bourne's weighty biography, that a subject so poetical, like poetry, does not admit of mediocre treatment. Perhaps it is for this very reason that incipient biographers make a rush at the spotless reputation of Sir Philip, and think it an easy leap to pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon. Nevertheless, the present small volume is to be preferred to Mr. Bourne's bulky treatise, inasmuch as it is of a lighter character, both intellectually and physically; and a clear narrative of the chief events of Sydney's life is contained in it in almost half the number of pages. He has corrected Mr. Bourne's dates in two or three instances—of no great moment, however. There is a strange attempt in the present volume to find a prototype of Hamlet in Sir Philip Sydney. And this curious critical fancy is helped out by a further effort to find a resemblance between the marriage of the Countess of Essex with Leicester and that of Hamlet's uncle and his mother in the play; and further, Mr. Lloyd finds a counterpart in Horatio to the old diplomatist and Huguenot Languet. When we add to this extraordinary discovery another of Mr. Lloyd's, that Sydney's chief deficiency was a lack of humour, the reader of the 'Defense of Poesie' will know what to expect from the writer's critical discernment. Most readers have found the 'Defense of Poesie' to be instinct with

humour from beginning to end; and the most delicate touches of humour are to be found by a sensitive taste many times in many a page of the 'Arcadia.' Certainly, in the 'Astrophel and Stella,' Sydney speaks of himself as open to the imputation of pensiveness; but a poet, and above all a poet in love, cannot, we apprehend, be expected to be always cutting jokes, like poor Tom Hood—the more especially as he had not to write for a 'Comic Annual.' Moreover, we cannot imagine that the son of the genial old statesman, Sir Henry Sydney, should live to be the very opposite of his father, in spite of the advice which the old knight gave him in his youth. "Give yourself to be merry," wrote Sir Henry; "for you degenerate from your father if you find yourself not most able in wit and body to do anything when you be most merry."

Mr. Lloyd, however, deserves the credit of being recognized as the first who has brought reasons forward for discrediting the tradition that the throne of Poland was offered to Sydney. This story has been repeated by every biographer up to the present time; but the fact appears to be, that the death of Sydney preceded the death of King Stephen by more than a month—and thus the tradition is rendered impossible. Nevertheless, the story, like that of Sydney's giving Spenser 100*l.* for every stanza in 'The Cure of Despair,' is valuable as showing the popular estimation in which he was held.

At the end of his volume Mr. Lloyd inserts a quaint description in verse, by B. W., Esq., of Sir Philip Sydney's funeral, taken from a privately-printed volume, part of which, as unknown to our readers, we insert:—

Unto the Minorities his body was conveyed,  
And then under a martial hearse three months or more  
was laid;  
But when the day was come he to his grave must go,  
An host of heavy men repaired to see the solemn show:  
The poor whom he, good knight, did often clothe and feed,  
In fresh remembrance of their woe, went first in mourning  
weed.

His friends and servants sad was thought a heavy sight,  
Who fixed their eyes upon the ground which now must  
house their knight.

To hear the drum and fife send forth a doleful sound,  
To see his colours, late advanced, lie trailing on the ground,  
Each ornament of war thus out of order borne,  
Did pierce ten thousand hearts with grief, which were not  
named to mourn.

Some marked the great dismay that charged his martial  
band,  
And how some horsemen walked on foot, with battle-axe  
in hand.

Some told the mourning cloaks his gentlemen did wear,  
What knights and captains were in gowns, and what the  
heralds bare;

Some marked his stately horses how they hung down their  
heads,  
As if they mourned for their knight that followed after  
dead.

But when his noble corse in solemn wise passed by,  
"Farewell the worthiest knight that lived!" the multitude  
did cry:

"Farewell, that honoured art by laurel and the lance!  
Farewell the friend beloved of all, that hadst no foe but  
chance!"

His solemn funeral, beseeching his estate,  
Was by the heralds marshalled, the more to mourn his  
fate.

Three Earls and other Lords, the Holland States in black,  
With all their train, then followed; and that no love might  
lack,

The Mayor and Aldermen in purple robes then mourned,  
And last a band of citizens, with weapons awkward turned,  
In solemn wise did bring this knight unto the ground;  
Who being then bestowed at rest, their last adieu to sound,  
Two volleys of brave shot they thundered to the skies;  
And thus his funeral did end with many weeping eyes.

And so passed away, at the age of thirty-two,  
the young hero who is said to have trodden  
"from his cradle to his grave amid incense and  
flowers," and to have "died in a dream of  
glory."

*Memoirs of a Chequered Life.* By Charles Stretton. 3 vols. (Bentley.)

But a few weeks have elapsed since we reviewed the 'Reminiscences of Capt. Gronow,' the "last of the dandies"; and now we have



to direct the attention of our readers to the Memoirs of one among the first of the race which succeeded the dandies—that of the “fast men.” The difference between the two classes was great. The dandies were at least gentlemen—generally good-natured, usually conceited, and some of them fast, too, according to the ways of the dandies. Their successors were altogether a wilder race—were often *not* gentlemen, were eager to exhibit themselves in a totally different aspect, and were savage, selfish, and far more fatuous than the dandies: they played recklessly,—in fact, they lived recklessly, thought the ruining of honest tradesmen a farce, and that of honest women a more excellent joke than the last. Nevertheless, they had some real or imaginary code of honour, by which they did not regulate so much as that they found themselves compelled to curb their lives. Some were distinguished by their folly, others by their ruffian-like ferocity. In the latter the old Mohawk was resuscitated; but these could not stand the gaslight, the new police, and the scorn of all decent people; and so the tribe died out, or ceased to openly outrage society. Viscounts were no longer seen starting from St. James's Street on Whit-Monday, as conductors to omnibuses bound for Greenwich; and even the Marquis who trundled his cab full-gallop down the Haymarket pavement at midnight, forswore sack at last, and chronicled small beer.

Mr. Charles Stretton does not spare himself when making the confession of past follies. He scarcely sighs apologetically as he recounts them; and seems rather proud of dedicating, “by permission,” the varied record to his only sister, Lady Leeds, the wife of Sir Joseph Leeds, of Croxton Park, Cambridgeshire. The elder brother, and head of the family, Col. Stretton, has hunted the county of Merioneth for these thirty years past. The Colonel's brother Charles was one of those young gentlemen who are skilled in throwing away their chances in life, and whom even the love of a widowed mother cannot save from ruin. For such men experience does nothing; but they are apt to partially justify themselves by remarking that however they may have erred through lack of judgment, their heart, at all events, was in the right place. Mr. Charles Stretton avails himself of such apology, and asserts the goodness of his heart when he is breaking those of the near and dear around him. The sowing of his wild oats brought forth a harvest which consumed more than the sower. Never mind! is the comment; the grain was sound; and since the time of the reaping, Mr. Stretton has learnt one thing—namely, that “there is another and a better life”; and has been confirmed in a second—to wit, that a glass of brandy-and-water is a panacea for the doldrums!

The “Life,” which, after an introductory course of the “Pickle” at home, begins with the record of expulsion from Harrow, may be truly said to commence under sad and turbulent auspices. Under private tutors, Mr. Stretton seems to have rapidly progressed in evil,—manly enough he was, no doubt, in some of his pursuits and enjoyments, but unmanly in others,—merciless to women miserable enough to listen to him, winning their hearts, crushing them by ruffian insolence or neglect, and finally marrying before attaining his majority.

This last step gave him only breathing time in his downward rush to ruin; and, instead of building up a home, extravagance, thoughtlessness, and a mysterious lady, who appears and disappears in the most approved sensational style, scatter “home” to the four winds; and then follow bill-discounters, and restless hurry-

ings from place to place, and wild snatches at “pleasure,” and questionable companionships, and sojourns speedily broken up in dull continental towns, and riot and duelling, police and prison.

After a while, and a dreary succession of events in various countries, in which human nature, as Mr. Stretton puts it, *would* have its way, the game was up. At this crisis the fast gentleman disappears, and the “man” comes on the scene. The latter looked at circumstances directly in the face; and the more he looked and thought, the less he liked them, and the more he was disgusted. There was, in fact, a collapse, the immediate causes of which are only hinted at; but a remedy is at hand, or, at all events, at the Antipodes; and the man about town resolves to begin life anew in Australia. Carrying out the Sallustian maxim, to let action swiftly follow on the heels of resolution, Mr. Stretton leaves kith, kin, friends, old and new loves, ditto creditors, and speeds over the waters, to the land where fields bear crops of gold, with as cheerful a spirit as a young bishop about to develop muscular Christianity in the colonies.

They who remember seeing this hero of a short hour of “pleasure” at home will hardly recognize him in the second and better part of the drama. He is tenting out, and, pick-axe in hand, wasting strength in efforts as gigantic as they are fruitless, to get at a little of that gold which he has squandered so lavishly. The ore was not to be had; gold-digging was sapping at life; and to support the latter, the wayward son of a country gentleman must needs forget his “quality,” and take the first chance, however humble,—he who had flung away so many opportunities, all brilliant. He had well nigh set up as a barber; but it was his destiny to turn hawker, and, as Morton the Pedlar, he made a rather pretty thing of it in disposing of pebbles.

But pedlaring did not continue to be a pretty thing; and there was irresistible temptation in the tales of the golden glories of the Bendigo Diggings. Thitherward went our fool of quality, to toil and fight and struggle for life and for gold; in his companionship most miserable, and in terrible solitude more wretched still. Bendigo failed to yield to the hardest labour any golden means of living without it; and Collingwood was as unyielding as Bendigo. The aristocratic vagabond (we use the word in its strict etymological sense) had nothing better for it than to earn wages,—and the man who once might have stood for a county was glad to serve in a store at Canvas Town.

“Everything by turns and nothing long,” the prodigal son is next seen at the ungenial labour of brick-making, and, when “out of work,” worse follows—destitution,—and the last badge of his old quality, his ring, goes to the pawnbroker's. At last fortune favours him—for he is a favourite of fortune—at the Antipodes; for, having been accustomed to ride much and carry a gun in England, he is engaged in the office of shepherd in Australia. There the flocks would astonish Prince Esterhazy, who had as many shepherds as Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, had sheep,—and their run is over plains which may give their pastor a healthy gallop of scores of miles between breakfast and bedtime. The vocation is not an unpleasant one, unless, indeed, you happen to have for a fellow Corydon an unenfranchised murderer.

The man who exercises this primitive office in the new home beyond the waters has, incidentally, to exercise many others for which he is not paid, nor was ever qualified by training. We know men who have been thus situated,

far away with men and a few women, and who, under necessity and by help of their wits, have turned out very efficient surgeons in cases of accident, and successful general practitioners even in cases peculiar to the ladies. So Mr. “Morton” accordingly played many parts, groom and in-door servant among others, while he looked after sheep and thankfully took his wages from his employer. When he and that employer found it convenient to separate, the world was again before the wanderer, where to choose. He had a narrow escape of becoming strolling actor at the Antipodes, by an advantageous offer of a post under Government; and the gentleman in disguise, whose name was still on the commission of the peace in England, was right glad, under the circumstances, to become in a penal settlement a keeper of convicts.

In time he sickened of this. The shepherd's life was one that a gentleman might follow without disparagement, but a gaoler's is next to a felon's! He gave it up at last, and stepping out into freedom, meditated on new schemes for “raising the wind”; but speculation failed, and health failed, and finally the wanderer returned home, poorer seemingly than he went forth; and the book closes with some domestic details which had better have been omitted, with some allusions to backsliding, which we read with regret, and with the satisfactory “tag,” that “It is never too late to mend.” Such is the story with the moral told in off-hand, unreserved, rough-and-ready style, by a man who confessedly has enjoyed at the cost of others' tears, who has been not more or less an enemy to himself than to some to whom he was bound to be faithful to the death, and who, the morning and the noon wasted, looks forward through the warm twilight of evening, and comforts himself with the assurance that there are light and enjoyment beyond.

In many respects, such a book must necessarily be a melancholy book. The story of talents abused and opportunities wasted, of self destroyed and loving ones outraged, must unavoidably be of this quality. But Mr. Charles Stretton has chosen to tell it all in his own name, and with no idea of sparing himself. We take his book, therefore, as he publishes it, only regretting that he had not a friend at hand competent to judiciously edit the story, and to improve it by the omission of details to which we have already referred. As it stands, however, the tale is one of wonderful variety, full of illustrations of life in all classes and in many countries, and is sure to be extensively read, not merely by those who wot somewhat of the hero, but by the public curious in untrimmed autobiographies; wherein we find another proof of how much more strange truth may be than the wildest fiction.

From the overflowing measure we take a few samples. In the first, old Harrovians will recognize a lady of their time:—

“Well, gentle reader, my term of *study* was passed much in the same way as that of my schoolmates, of whom there were about three hundred and fifty. Cricket, raquets and bathing filled up our leisure hours in the summer,—football was the ostensible amusement of the colder season; but we had other *divertissements*, of a more dubious character. I have no doubt that many of my contemporaries will remember an old lady, a Mrs. W—, whose abode was made ‘out of bounds’; which means, to the uninitiated, that any boy discovered entering that house would be punished. This old woman had seen better days—had held a responsible situation; but from some little dereliction of duty (which it is not my business to inquire into) had forfeited the respectable if not lucrative position that she had for some years held about the school. Disgusted with the masters at the loss of



her place, she first started in the confectionery line, and well to do she appeared, whilst her shop was conducted under the semblance of decorum; she was an admirable cook, and gave unlimited credit to her customers. It is not to be wondered at, then, that there were many on her books; I was well in, for one; but who will credit that this old dame made a far better income by keeping a sort of menagerie under her bed, in the shape of a badger, game cocks, rats, &c., which we were solicited to inspect? How often have I been stopped, when passing with other boys, with the greeting, 'Good morning, young gentleman; have a little pastime after the two (meaning after the school-hours)—cock-fight, badger-bait? Walk in: do but come and see my rats.' Who could resist her entreaties when there was the additional inducement of a good meal upon tarts, which we might pay for when convenient?"

How Mr. Stretton established himself "gentleman farmer," and what came of it, is thus told:—

"I had not been long settled in my new although antiquated habitation, when I established a pack of really very good and neat harriers, which were turned out, they told me, to perfection. After that folly, I must needs turn farmer, by renting some two hundred and forty-four acres of land, which surrounded my house. Added to these amusements, I preserved extensively—not fruits, but pheasants. And let me be believed when I say that I succeeded well, as far as the interest of other people was concerned, and failed singularly as far as my own profits were affected. Three years only did I reside at Llan—. Let the truth be told—I had not the means. I was over-housed, eaten up by too many servants, and, alas! too proud to pull in when I might have saved myself. Thus ultimately it came to a sort of compulsory sale; which the bills of the day described as 'Giving up Farming.' All went to the hammer, as regards farming-stock, and the crops were sold standing; and thus I gave up all the land, calculating that I had lost at least 2*l.* per acre upon every one that I had rented from the commencement of my turning tenant farmer."

A bill-discounter of his day is thus sketched for edification:—

"That gentleman (?) kept a very expensive, if not very large establishment; his withdrawing-room was replete with articles in gilt and ormolu; his carriages and horses were remarkably well turned out; his servants were brilliant in liveries of green and gold; and his dinners and wines were undeniable, and many a dinner have I had in C— Row, St. James's. It will be perhaps ungrateful on my part to pass remarks on a man whose table had been free to me. Mark me, reader! I paid, and dearly too, for the *hospitality* shown to me, as will be proved: this man succeeded in getting me into his power. Mr. Gilbert Gosling and I were in London; we were at the same hotel together in Vere Street. That gentleman asked me to accompany him to Mr. Keogh's residence, as he said, 'I am going to raise the wind.' I accompanied him; the money required was handed over to my friend, and I put my name to the bill. Mr. Keogh, who was all smiles, was a big, stout, well-looking, but over-dressed man. After the common topics of the day had been discussed, he asked me if I did not want money? and in truth I did at the time; but up to that period I had never borrowed any at the hands of a bill-discounter. One hundred pounds he gave me on a bill at three months' date, for which I was to pay something approaching to sixty per cent., and to which Mr. Gosling put *his* name. Month after month, year after year, did I get more deeply entangled in the meshes of the net which Mr. Keogh so cleverly had laid, and at last he had my name to paper for a sum almost fabulous. Some months after the first transaction with Mr. Keogh, I was in London. I was at breakfast in my rooms in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, when a very handsomely-appointed travelling chariot with four horses drove up to the door, out of which came my sleek friend, the would-be millionaire. Asking me if I had anything to detain me in town that

day, I said, 'No.'—'Come, then,' said Keogh, 'with me to Hastings; I will bring you back to-morrow.' Having nothing to do, I accompanied him. This, reader, remember, was in the year 1838, prior to the railway being opened. We started, and arrived late in the afternoon at an hotel at that watering-place: I remember well that it was an excellent house, and faced the sea. Strolling out for an hour by the water-side, never having been at Hastings before, I was astonished on my return to find that the table was laid out for three persons; and great was my astonishment shortly afterwards to see a very gentlemanly old man enter the room. In a moment I saw that he was a clergyman. He bowed—I did the same: at that moment Keogh entered the room, when I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. S—. The dinner passed off excellently, and certainly my friend Keogh spared no expense in catering for his guests. We had been sitting, perhaps, a longer time than usual over our wine, when fancying that I was somewhat *de trop*, I left them together, saying that I was going to have a smoke. In an hour I returned; the table which I had left covered with decanters and fruit-dishes was now bestrewn with papers. Apologizing for intruding, I was requested to remain, and the evening's amusement ended by Keogh getting considerably over a thousand pounds from the Church-of-England minister, one who held good preferment, and for which I, like a simpleton, put my name as security, pretty security indeed it was! and realizing as my profits—a dinner!"

A fireside incident in Australia has a dramatic quality about it:—

"The day following I accompanied Hughes and his two men in search of fire-wood. We had two drays with us, each drawn by eight oxen; and wonderfully amazed I was to see the rapid manner in which the vehicles were loaded. Wherever a dead tree was found standing, if not too big; the wheels of the dray were guided so as to come in contact with it, first whipping the bullocks to their utmost speed. Down would come the tree, and it was a wonder to me that, in many instances that day, drivers and bullocks were not all killed. I really believe that there is no place in the world where life is held so cheap as in Victoria. By two o'clock we had returned with timber enough to last mine host for a fortnight; although the fires that Davie kept up were somewhat startling. I was much pleased to find the house nearly empty, and was congratulating myself upon the prospect of a quiet evening (the last, as it turned out, that I was destined to pass under that roof), when a stranger arrived. The horse that was under the new-comer was a splendid animal, and the man himself was a fine, big, manly-looking fellow, only over-dressed; high thigh-boots encased his legs; his jumper was of drab tweed, and round his waist was encircled a red silk scarf; a Panama hat covered his long, dark hair, and his shirt collar was thrown down, displaying a good deal of beard. To my mind he was the personification of a 'first robber' at a minor theatre. He had not been five minutes in the house, after putting up his horse, when he began to show off in a most hectoring manner. No one could open his lips without being contradicted; he moved about the house as if it was his own, and, at last seizing a chair, he placed it in no very gentle manner in front of the fire, and sat himself down, evidently determined that no one should participate in the warmth the hearth gave forth. Feeling excessively irritated at the insolence we had been subjected to, I also took a chair and advanced towards the fire. I observed that Davie had great difficulty in controlling the passion within him, aroused by the bullying behaviour of the unknown; and not wishing that my host should fancy for a moment that I was afraid of the intruder, I said—'Mate, do you want all that fire? for I am very wet about the legs, and should wish to dry them?'—'Confound it! There's plenty of room for you, isn't there? I shall not move for any one,' replied the blusterer, eyeing me in no very amicable manner.—'I tell you what,—you will have to move, and for me too,' said I, catching the chair by the back, and with all my force drawing

it from under him. Down he went on the floor; but in an instant he was on his legs again. Feeling assured that I was in for a mortal struggle, I waited for my antagonist; but before he could come up to me, Hughes dealt him a terrific blow on the side of the head, exclaiming—'No, no, you bullying blackguard! it is not with such as him that you are going to fight.' The unknown staggered from the effects of the blow; but, recovering himself, he rushed upon Davie, and a fearful encounter ensued. I am not going to give a description of that desperate struggle. Never did I see anything more horrible! The two men fought like wild beasts, and for a time Mrs. Hughes (a most disagreeable-looking woman, and second wife to Davie) and myself looked on. For a quarter of an hour did I watch those two men, each endeavouring by every means, however unfair and contrary to all settled rules of Boxiana, to injure the other mortally, when at last Hughes succeeded in getting his opponent on the ground, and, to my horror, to commence battering the wretched man's head on the stone floor. Disgusted, I thought it time to interfere, and, seizing hold of Davie by his neckcloth, I tore him off his prey, when, to my infinite disgust, Hughes's spouse rushed at the man, who had not yet risen from the ground, and began to batter his head with a quart pannikin. Quitting Davie, I again went to the bully's rescue, and snatched the tin pot from her hand, and I believe, had not the servants have come in, I should have received awful punishment at the hands of both host and hostess. Both upbraided me for interfering, and the latter, in the most unladylike terms, brought to my recollection all the kindnesses that I had received at her hands. However, I saved the man's life, I believe, and, whether it was from a feeling of gratitude, or that he had had fighting enough for that day, he showed no inclination to renew his quarrel with me. 'After a storm,' 'tis said, 'there comes a calm.' And so it was with us. Both men were awfully cut about, and it was not until they had washed themselves that the amount of damage done was really perceptible. The reader will think it strange that within an hour after the fracas Hughes and the stranger were drinking together as if nothing had occurred. Such was the way things were done in Australia a few years ago."

The following is an illustration of how Mr. Stretton practised medicine when he was supervisor of convicts, and how the latter found relaxation and pleasure in having their teeth drawn:—

"The following night, about the same time, I was again awake by another warder who was on duty on the lowest deck. He informed me that the whole of his ward were complaining of frightful pains in the stomach, and wishing to know if the doctor could not be sent for. I was in a regular fix. I knew not for some time what to do, when at last a thought struck me. I remembered that, when a very little boy, there were painters in my mother's house, who had left in a cup a quantity of spirits of turpentine. Playing as I was with my brother Frederick, I expressed a desire for something to drink, when he (eighteen months my senior) gave me the contents of that cup to drink. Of course I was taken somewhat aback, and indeed, according to my honoured mother's account, very nearly being done for; but the doctors managed to save that life which, perhaps, in the opinion of some, might just as well have ended at five years as being allowed to creep on towards fifty. Jumping out of bed, I went to the medicine-chest, and handed the warder a huge bottle of spirits of turpentine, and a large medical glass. I then partially dressed myself, and sallied forth to act the good Samaritan. One after another I drenched the rascals with about half, as I supposed, of the stinking stuff that I had in my youth imbibed, and nothing could exceed the delight with which they swallowed that night the pine-juice. Of course there was a vast amount of coughing, and one would have thought that it was hooping-cough instead of cholera that was raging in the ship. I have no doubt the prisoners had a right good laugh at my expense, and thought what a muf was Charlie,

as I was by those gentlemen facetiously called. The next day, however, our doctor came on board (he had his regular days), and it was my habit to inquire of the convicts in the morning if they wished to see him. To my astonishment many did; and all of them were anxious to have each two or three teeth drawn. 'Well, doctor,' I said as he came into my quarters, 'I have got a funny list for you to-day: every man named in that paper wants one or two teeth drawn. I cannot make it out; two consecutive nights I have been nearly frightened out of my wits, believing I had cholera on board. Last night I used nearly two quarts (imperial measure) of spirits of turpentine, which, I am glad to say, seemed to ease them all; indeed, the fellows smacked their lips with a gusto that I have not seen lately.'—'By Æsculapius!' screamed out the doctor, throwing himself on a sofa, his sides shaking from laughter, 'this is a good joke! You have hit upon the very medicine that I should have given the rogues had they attempted to play the fool with me. Tell me, Stretton, how much did you give each man?'—'I should say,' I replied, 'about a good claret-glass full. It was one of your long physic affairs, with no end of marks upon it, that they drank from.'—'You hit it admirably, and had you but given a little more, you might have saved our Government thousands of pounds by sending all your patients to Davie's locker.'—'Well, I am glad that I failed in that, not being over-anxious to have even justifiable homicide upon my conscience. But tell me, doctor, what is the meaning of so many men all suddenly wishing to have their teeth drawn? For I can assure you that during the lengthened period we lay at Gelong not one dozen tusks were extracted.'—'My good fellow,' answered Medico, 'you have done all the mischief. You started them in the first instance by giving the brandy and cloves; now they will each lose a tooth for another glass of brandy, which the cunning knaves know they are sure to receive. You have much to learn yet with regard to the treating of convicts. They know that you are kind-hearted, and they humbug you. Now let us go to work. Order one of your fellows to bring a bottle of "medical comfort" down to the lowest deck.' Telling one of the warders to choose a large bottle of brandy and to follow us, Doctor Williams and myself, accompanied by Carson and Brady, went below. The first patient was a most amusing fellow; he had three teeth drawn, and Doctor Williams assured me that those teeth were extracted simply from a feeling on the part of the prisoner to break the monotony of his existence. On my telling the Stoic (for most manfully did he bear the tugs which the Doctor gave his unfortunate jaw) not to suffer the blood from his mouth to fall on the deck, which was as white as milk, he only mumbled something and looked up at Doctor Williams's face, when immediately all that was so anxiously wished for he had, which was a good-sized claret-glass full of brandy. Rising from the ground (for our doctor made all his patients sit when performing dental surgery) the convict made a salute, and with a countenance beaming with delight rejoined his two mates in the cell appropriated to them. It was the same thing with all the others; only one fellow cried out (and well he might do so, for Doctor Williams nearly pulled his head off), and had it not been for me I verily believe that my friend would have served but a half ration of the much-coveted spirit to the unfortunate prisoner for being a cur, as he termed him.

These extracts show an unpractised pen; but inasmuch as the latter honestly records all the faults, follies and experiences incurred in a life the shadows on which have been of the author's own casting, sincerity, even where the frankness is too abundant, may be accepted as the apology of a lacking perfection.

*Ten Years of Imperialism in France: Impressions of a "Flâneur."* (Blackwood & Sons.)

THE "Flâneur"—who explains that he is not an Idler or an Observer, but has eyes and ears for all that comes unsought within range of his intelligence—adopts as a text the story added

by Edgar Poe to the Thousand and One Nights. Scheherazade having exhausted flying carpets, enchanted fish and adamantine castles, ventures to tell of steamers, railways, and telegraphs. Whereupon the Caliph, deeming his intellect suspected, punishes her audacity by cutting off her head. The "Flâneur," visiting Paris now and then in a desultory way, doubts his senses when they take in the changes that have been worked. The great city of other times is fading as in a dioramic transparency, and a new vision of architecture, through which the old historical *tableau* melts away, rises full before him. Here there used to be a mighty block of picturesque buildings; it is gone: the people were suddenly warned out of their houses; the district was first palisaded round, and next enveloped in clouds of white dust; then mountains of stone were heaped up and speedily fitted together in grand, sculptured façades seven stories high. Thus, swiftly and magnificently, boulevards, bridges, barracks and embankments are planned, decreed and executed, and ancient Paris vanishes. Immense private interests, of course, are buried beneath the ruins and carted away with the rubbish; the routes of the demolition often take their way, curiously enough, right across the abodes of anti-imperialists, which they level, with nominal compensation; noble thoroughfares are created, but the rents are gigantic; destructive displacements of industry and business are enforced, but the public and posterity must be considered before all things else; and if the public do not know what is good for them, the Prefect or Pacha of the Seine must know what is good for himself, for his Emperor and for the good Parisians. There still survives, however, an antique Paris, and very dreary, dirty and unwholesome it is, little less than uninhabitable in parts:—

"It would be a faithless desertion of an old friend to say so much about new Paris without taking a stroll about that dear quaint old mud City which has made so much noise in the world. It is rather at a discount just now with the sightseer, and the young and brilliant rival is daily more encroaching on its domain; but however presumptuously the intruder would jostle it aside, and however superciliously he looks down upon it, he has actually made but small progress, and the Old Town is still the heart and centre of Paris life, to which the Flâneur resorts, who wishes to participate in this life. After pacing up and down those large wide thoroughfares, a feeling of weariness comes over him. Those endless straight lines, those broad boulevards which seem empty in spite of the crowd, that general resemblance of houses and shops so well calculated to strike at first sight and impress with an idea of grandeur, all contribute to benumb every sense after a short time, and to produce a kind of half-conscious stupor equally unfavourable to receiving impressions or making observations. Almost without perceiving it, the Flâneur branches off into one of the side streets, and a feeling of relief comes over him instantly. There he is again on true Paris ground, not the drab-coloured mud of the macadam or the adhesive surface of the asphalt, but on genuine slippery blackish-grey mud, which has merited for the city of the Parisians its name of Lutetia."

Paris is a far more crowded city than London, which is saying nothing in its favour. The Flâneur seems to love its narrow, swarming, crooked and slimy streets, without a vestige of architectural interest, and with scarcely a relic of antiquity worth preserving; whatever gaiety of appearance exists being due to the fact that almost every wall is a patchwork of advertising daubs. Of this, the Flâneur approves:—

"What the proprietor and architect have neglected, the inmates of the houses have supplied, and each in his own way and according to his own taste; as each house harbours two and three shopkeepers, one above the other, and as the object of every one is to attract the notice of the passer-by

and customer, all vie with each other in ornamenting and giving the greatest possible prominence to the portion occupied by them. The true orthodox beginning in this respect is to paint the walls in a colour different from those which surround them; then, if possible, some alterations are made in the windows, either by panelling around them or by disguising one of them, so as to obtain another point of difference from the neighbours. This basis being laid, the large signboard is affixed, redundant in colour and in caligraphy, and around or below or above it are placed such articles as may be best calculated to show the stock-in-trade. This good old habit is still faithfully adhered to in many places, and contributes not a little towards adorning the houses and rendering them picturesque. The effect of these individual efforts is greater than any ever achieved by the most original architect. The houses themselves seem animated, and to partake of the life which is going on in and around them; that mixture of colours and that variety of invention become an endless source of pleasure to the eye and of amusement to the mind."

His description of Paris, old and new, is, in general, excellent, though flattering. Surely, however, he is inaccurate when he says, "The soldier, except on festive occasions, is as great a rarity in Paris as he is in London." This is going rather far in rebuke of a popular English belief that every second man in Paris is a soldier. The Flâneur himself adds:—

"Paris in 1862 is simply the most agreeable garrison in France, and hence the most cherished dream of every regiment in the service. It includes extra pay for officer and soldier, the permission for the former to go about in mufti, the distractions of the capital, abundance of peaceful conquests, brilliant cafés—all pleasure and little work. As such a promised land Paris appears to those who have not been there. But it is not always regretted as a lost paradise by those who have left it. Most of the officers and men find out very soon that there are tempters and forbidden fruits in plenty in this paradise. Extra pay is insufficient for extra expenses. The sweets of small garrisons have been exchanged for the tantalising sight of pleasures beyond reach; there is rather more work than elsewhere; and the uniform is less made of in Paris than in any other garrison town; so, one by one, all the pleasant illusions disappear; and many are rather glad than otherwise when the time comes for leaving the paradise."

From the Military, through the Political, he passes to the Money question, and especially to the cupidity now rampant among all classes of Frenchmen, especially at the capital:—

"It is as if Imperialism had quickened the pulse of the population to 200, or as if it had shortened life by one-half, and as if everyone was anxious to make up for the loss by greater vitality. A feverish rapidity of motion has seized everybody and everything. Men, women, children, old and young, rich and poor, high and low, all follow the impulse, and whirl along none can tell exactly where. Is it vanity, selfishness, or love of gain, thirst for pleasure, or rage of excitement, which impels? There is something of all this in the mad race. And yet how reconcile vanity with such bold and open cynicism? Is selfishness compatible with so much thoughtlessness, or love of gain with so much foolish recklessness? Are these pleasures where no one amuses himself?—and can there be a rage for excitement where nothing seems spontaneous and all is calculation?"

Afflicted with this mania, the manufacturers and shopkeepers, impatient to make their fortunes, were nervous when the day approached which was to throw English goods upon French markets, in unprecedented quantities. Prices went down suddenly, to keep out the rival trade; but the panic was groundless, and rendered still more so by the mistake of our producers, who sent over cheap ugliness, instead of taste, which is not a little dearer:—

"Nor was the verdict unjust; a quantity of 'tapis à sujet,' with hideous figures, and in more hideous colours, but wonderfully cheap, and side by



side rolls of the commonest staircase carpets, well-nigh for nothing. Further on, a display of all that Manchester can produce of most tasteless tissues in silk, cotton and wool, pure or mixed. Then again, ties which reminded one of Houndsditch, or caricatures of Chinese porcelain, here and there wretched imitations of Scotch woollens, and this not in the cheap shops high up on the Boulevard du Temple, or in the Faubourg Montmartre, but in the most prominent and frequented parts. Further east, the display showed canvas-like calico, Californian shirts, a collection of all the refuse of Sheffield cutlery, and a collection of old unsaleable woollens and cottons. \* \* There have been complaints accusing the French shopkeepers of foul play and downright trickery, of buying or imitating the worst sort of English goods, and selling them at double the price, in order to discredit English goods. These cases may have occurred, but the display was too generally wretched for one not to seek for a cause elsewhere. English importers seem to have acted in the first instance as if Timbuctoo, Australia, or California, and not France, had been opened to their manufactures. To make a master-fee of cheapness, and, at the same time, to get rid of all the old stores, seems to have been the leading idea which prevailed."

With many classes of articles produced by our manufacturers, French social habits are not at present compatible; but the leaven works, and considerable improvements on both sides are already visible.

The Flâneur's opinion of this Imperialism of the nineteenth century is far from encouraging. There is nothing Augustan in the epoch, he suggests, except the eagles and the architecture:

"The Turkish wag, Hodja Nasreddin, when asked what became of the moon when on the wane, replied that it was cut up and made into stars. One would be almost inclined to apply the astronomical notions of the Turkish wag to the literary and artistic spheres of France—such is the number of small stars which have arisen and are arising daily, while the larger luminaries pass through their last quarter, and by degrees vanish."

This book, as a picture of the new life pervading France, and especially the transformations, material and social, of Paris, is interesting and worth perusal; but the dogmatism of the writer asserts itself here and there in a tone somewhat too peremptory.

*Barren Honour: a Tale.* By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone.' 2 vols. (Parker, Son & Bourn.)

THE title of this novel is the clue to the lesson which it is intended to inculcate. It is generally considered a high crime and misdemeanor against the laws of novel reading to glance at the end of a book till we have fairly and honestly worked our way through the preceding volumes, up to the last page, without having a notion what we shall find there! But, nevertheless, we believe that by bearing in mind the catastrophe, upon which the plot is hinged, we are not only able to take a more lively and absorbing interest in the story itself, but we are also better qualified to appreciate justly and without bias the powers and abilities of the writer in carrying out the design he has in view. We do not therefore apologize for quoting here the last words of the Author of 'Barren Honour':—

"I have attempted (he says) to sketch roughly what befel a man, very weak and erring—who was often sorely tried—who acted ever up to the light that was given him, at the cost of bitter self-denial and self-sacrifice—who, nevertheless, in this life failed to reap the tithe of his reward. Alan Wyverne was strong, up to a certain point; but he had not faith enough to make him feel always sure that he had done right in defiance of appearances, nor principle enough to keep him from repining at results. He could neither comfort himself nor others thoroughly. He was a chival-

rous, true-hearted man, but a very imperfect Christian. He dared not openly rebel against the laws of God; but he was too human to accept, unhesitatingly, the fulfilment of His decrees. Throughout Alan's life, honour usurped the place where religion ought to have reigned paramount; he shrunk from shame when he would perhaps have encountered sin. To that one principle—sound enough if it had not been the ruling one—he sacrificed love and friendship and revenge and life."

Thus it will appear that the author proposed to himself no very light or pleasant task, when he undertook to prove by relating this story what a barren, fruitless, dreary, comfortless and unsatisfactory thing honour becomes when a man has no higher principle of action, no more solid basis on which to rest his future hopes. Sir Alan Wyverne had but one great object in life, the desire to do his duty thoroughly as a gentleman and a man of honour—and he did it—but his life was a failure. The story is an old one, but not the less interesting for that.

Sir Hubert Vavasour is an honest, good-natured, reckless country squire, with a mortgaged estate, an idle son, a lovely daughter, and last, but not least, a clever and intriguing wife. Alan Wyverne, "the Squire's" nephew, is not unlike him in character, and the two are sincerely attached. Still more attached, however, is Sir Alan to his beautiful cousin Helen; and though he knows he has already wasted the chief of his substance in riotous living, and that Lady Mildred will certainly "forbid the banns," he, nevertheless, has the temerity to avow his affection to his cousin as well as to her father, and ventures to indulge in some hope that it may be possible to arrange satisfactory settlements, enabling him eventually to carry off the fair Helen as his lawful prize. Sir Hubert is quite aware of all the difficulties in the path, but he cannot resist the temptation to make his daughter and his nephew happy. So he shakes his head and consents, but owns he has not the moral courage necessary to announce the awful fact to "My Lady." "My Lady," however, baffles them all. She caresses her daughter, playfully reproaches the culprits' plan, and fairly puzzles her husband by her tacit acquiescence; but in her heart she makes a vow that "it shall never be." "She thought that such a wedding-dress would become her daughter worse than a winding-sheet," and she will leave no stone unturned to break off the engagement. She goes to work warily and with caution, and makes Alan feel properly grateful to her for her great kindness and consideration. She, however, contrives to persuade him to wait a twelvemonth before fixing the wedding-day, and she insinuates that her daughter is exacting and "absurdly-jealous"; for the rest, she trusts to her usual good fortune, and lies in wait for an opportunity to make the most of the little advantages she has already gained.

On her son's (Max Vavasour) return home the tug of war begins in earnest. Max openly avows his regret at the marriage having been even so far settled. He owns he "has no prejudice against Wyverne personally, for nobody has such weaknesses now-a-days; but it is a simple question of political expediency." Max brings his friend Lord Clydesdale to the Dene. It is too late now, of course, to hope any good can come of that; but Max and his mother understand each other, and they have a year before them yet.

Raoul, tenth Earl of Clydesdale, was the premier *Parti* of England, and a coarse, selfish, overbearing, ill-looking young man; but it would have been a very proper match for Helen, and so Lady Mildred feels naturally aggrieved at the thought of how much had been lost by

Alan's rash and precipitate conduct. Lord Clydesdale, moreover, no sooner set eyes on Helen than he began to think himself an ill-used man. He could have made up his mind to confer on her the title of Countess of Clydesdale, and he did not see what right Wyverne had to secure the young lady without even giving him a choice in the matter. It was not to be borne with patience. His friend and toady, Harding Knowles, suggests that many things might happen before the fatal twelvemonth is over. "Sir Alan might die, you know, or Miss Vavasour come to her senses." Harding does not object to laying very long odds, say 5,000L. to 50,000L., that the marriage will never take place. The bet is accepted, and booked, with looks of "wicked, crafty significance," by Knowles, who, for some trifling reason, hates Alan, and is sadly in want of money. From this moment the plot thickens. Alan is persecuted by letters, with a curious cipher engraved on the envelope. Lady Mildred and her daughter receive anonymous letters, warning them to inquire into his conduct during his absences from the Dene. Explanations are given and received, but somehow they are not quite satisfactory. Lady Mildred pretends to make excuses for him, thereby doing his cause a great deal more harm than good. Helen has seen Mrs. Lenox once, and has heard of her often. She is hurt and grieved at what she believes to be Alan's conduct with regard to that dangerous lady; but she trusts him still, and would continue to trust him till death, only Lady Mildred takes care to prevent that, and Alan gives up his case as hopeless and retires from the field. This is the weak point of the story. It is extremely improbable that a man, conscious of his own innocence, and aware that a trap is likely to be laid for his ruin, would voluntarily sacrifice the woman he loves for the sake of the woman who loves him. Nina Lenox is a careless, imprudent creature, always in trouble, either about love or money. Wyverne does not pretend to care the least about her; but he was good-natured, and helped her out of her scrapes, and thought her rather a bore than otherwise,—yet, sooner than betray her confidence to his future wife, even in his own justification, he quietly breaks off his marriage with Helen, and makes both her and himself miserable for the rest of their lives. This is the great instance of Alan's preferring Honour to every other virtue, or even duty. Helen, not caring much what becomes of her after this, marries Lord Clydesdale, and hates him, though he frees her father from his heavy embarrassments and saves the Dene from passing into the hands of the Jew who had intended to secure the property for his own, thereby earning for himself the eternal gratitude of Lady Mildred and her son Max. We will leave the dénouement of the story to unfold itself to its readers at their leisure, feeling convinced that, with a little judicious skipping of lengthy digressions and superfluous descriptions of character in the first volume, they will never rest till they reach the end of the book. There is a most exciting description of a fight with some poachers, and another of a hunting feat of Sir Alan's, which will delight the male readers of 'Barren Honour'; and there can be still less doubt that every lady will sympathize deeply with the sorrows of the Countess of Clydesdale, and be ready to lament the mistaken views of the too scrupulous Sir Alan, who, in everything but this overstrained sense of honour, is about as perfect and loveable a character as can be met with in any novel of the present day.



*Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Robert Story, late Minister of Rosneath, Dunbartonshire; including Passages of Scottish Religious and Ecclesiastical History during the Second Quarter of the Present Century.* By Robert Herbert Story. (Macmillan & Co.)

WE regret the taste in which this book is executed. Mr. Story seems to have preferred the neighbourhood of troubled waters more than a man of resolved and settled spirit, to whom the spiritual instruction of others is confided, should do. The times in which he lived, it is true, were full of disturbance for the Church of Scotland; but we are not satisfied with his discretion, nor do we see clearly from the record before us in what faith or form of opinions he at last anchored himself. He was obviously a man of lively spirits; but so, too, were other divines of the Church, the severe ordinances of which seem so gloomy to those of our country. — Here is a scene which took place shortly after his induction to the living of Rosneath:—

"His acquaintance with Dr. Chalmers had begun since his coming to Rosneath, and had already ripened into hearty mutual friendship. The Doctor had been much struck with his preaching, and it seems to have been contemplated that he should become the assistant minister of the Tron parish in Glasgow; this idea, however, never took definite shape, although it was desired by some of the Tron congregation, and would have been welcome to Mr. Story himself. During the years when Chalmers was overwhelming his audiences in Glasgow, with his rugged and resistless eloquence, and was working out in his parish there those theories of parochial and civic economy, which are the least showy, but the most substantial foundations of his fame, a holiday at Rosneath was always a welcome break in the noisy and laborious round of his town life. On one of his visits, on which he was accompanied by Irving (at the time his assistant), Miss Helen Campbell, Mr. Robert's sister, gave an entertainment in his honour, at her bower in the Clachan Glen. The Glen is a narrow wooded ravine that winds back into the hill lying behind the level shorelands of Rosneath; the bower was a romantic retreat in its deepest and shadiest hollow, where the steep bank has drawn back a little from the brawling 'burn,' and left as much of smooth and gently sloping sward as might serve for the sylvan revels of the court of Oberon and Titania. A large and merry party took breakfast in the bower; after which one of the gentlemen assumed the fiddle, and Mr. Irving performed the Highland Fling among the children, on the turf in front. 'What shall we do now?' said Mr. Story, when the festivities of the morning were over. 'Oh,' answered Chalmers in his impetuous way, 'come and let us abandon ourselves to miscellaneous impulses!'

The idea of the solemn and mystical Irving, before whose presence and at the sound of whose voice every thought of hilarity took flight, dancing the Highland Fling on a grass plot will be new to many who recollect the austere and exhausting preachments of the author of 'Babylon and Infidelity.'—That Mr. Story himself could be no less frisky on occasion is told in a letter of his own, which is pleasant enough, if considered apart from the traits of character it discloses:—

"Ballindalloch, Nov. 13.

"My ever dear and excellent friend,—It is now a fortnight since the date of your last invaluable communication, and although I have something to offer by way of apology, perhaps it would be better to lay aside such ceremony altogether. As, however, there is something of romance in my excuse, and as there is in it a little adventure, you will forgive me for giving you it in detail before we talk of things more important. Last Sunday I set off from here in the morning to pay a second visit to one of our brethren of —, which, from common civility, I could not defer any longer, as he is a great reader, has a good library, and gives

me a complete liberty to the use of his books! I intended to have written this letter after I returned in the evening, which, if I had been able to accomplish, you would have heard from me about a week sooner than you now can possibly do according to the regulation of our post. It came, however, a deluge of rain, which continued till the Monday afternoon; and I, for the first time since my arrival in the Highlands, fairly lost a day. For you may conceive that my interest in this country is not sufficiently great to give me a relish in the vulgar reports, and that unless something of sentiment or speculation enter into the conversation of a whole day, the frown is more natural than the smile to me. I stayed till after dinner, and the weather clearing a little, being anxious to get home, I bade adieu, contrary to many solicitations of —, the parson, who undoubtedly is a very honest fellow. He told me at our separation, that if I should perish, my blood would not be upon his head, and that his conscience was free, whatever should be my disaster. Off I started along a rugged mountain path, intersected by many a torrent. The first I passed completely drenched me, although I went aside to avoid the depth and rapidity of its stream. It was now dark; and while passing through these torrents I might have cried for a Scott to describe my appearance, for it was equally sublime with that of William of Deloraine in the water of Aill; as Alexander the Great, standing upon the promontory of Sigeum, at the tomb of Achilles, wept for a Homer to celebrate his glory. It was indeed grand and solemn, my situation. The road was entirely shattered with torrents. On my right hand arose a dark and heathy hill, half shrouded with the remains of old forests. On my left was a declivity, which stretched down to the channel of the Spey, covered with birches. The face of nature in the darkness was unvaried in its aspect, save the broad stream of the Spey overflowing all its banks; and the torrents before and behind me which, red and fiery in their appearance, divided into several parts the gloom of the heath and of the forests. A remarkable phenomenon in the heaven above me gave to my solitary and bewildered journey a new and a deeper interest. Far in the depths of heaven there seemed a canopy of clouds, immovable in situation, and unvaried in colour. It was far elevated above the power of the winds, and was of a deep crimson. Below that again, there were huge volumes of dark and shaggy vapour, tossed by the tempest into a thousand shapes; sometimes they almost entirely concealed the supernal crimson, then, all of a sudden, they revealed it in all its untroubled magnificence. It would seem from this that tempests only harass the inferior departments of the air, or at least that their power diminishes in proportion to the distance from the surface of our globe. At last I arrived at the ferry over the Spey, which is about two miles from this. The waters were swollen prodigiously; the current was rapid, and the waves were almost as tumultuous as those of a firth. I stood upon the brink, and thought awhile. I conceived a short ejaculation, which, in the event of the boat being overset, I intended to pour out to Heaven, before resigning myself to a watery grave. After calmly making up my mind, I called aloud to the ferrymen on the opposite side, for I heard their voices, although it was impossible to see them; and having with difficulty made them understand that I wished to get over, they informed me that it was not in human power to navigate the boat in such rapid waters, and in such a tempestuous night. With the rapidity of lightning, many notions had arisen in my mind of my various friends' sentiments when my death should be announced to them. My first bleeding thought was to my parents, the next to the sacred triad. I looked upon all my anticipations as folly, and I was sorry that I had ever indulged so extravagantly in the visions of fancy, but I consoled myself in death by the recollection of having formed many plans to eradicate former errors, and to identify the exertions of my mind with the delineations of divine wisdom, and the promotion of the happiness of men. Believe me, however, my dear friend, that a secret confidence intimated itself amid these troubled apprehensions that my

days were not yet come to an end, and that the Genius of human destinies had allowed certain designs to be formed with too prophetic an enthusiasm to crush them in the very beginning of their execution. You see in this my vanity, and the impious presumption which vanity engenders; from the whole of my feelings you may have a farther conception of my strange and romantic character. Now I give way to imaginary phantoms: now I connect to possibilities visions that give to them a temporary certainty: now I act in a thousand different scenes that I never witnessed: and now my peculiar sentiments may be the proper groundwork of a certain work which is to be immortal in the first edition. I am left then upon the shore, and there is no home in the immediate neighbourhood. I once thought it would be a fine adventure to mount to the top of the hill, and remain there for the night, or to go down to the forest, and sit upon the branch of a rowan to preserve me from the witches. I at last determined to be more wise, and I went in search of a Highland cottage. I rapped at the door. A fine young buxom Highland lass came and conducted me into the house, where there was a large fire blazing, around which were a group burning nuts, for it was old Hallow E'en. You have conception of my inventive powers, and here I was determined to exercise them. The simple people wished to decline the further prosecution of their sport, for though they knew not who I was, they suspected, from my buff waistcoat and jockey frock, that I was something more than ordinary. I urged them on, and engaged as keenly as they. I initiated them in rites they did not know, and in many that I knew not of till that very moment. I made them laugh, and stare, and hesitate by turns. Fancy me then, O ye citizens of the south, placed in an old arm-chair, with three legs (for I was forced into the seat of honour), haranguing on the ceremonies of the night, like any Druid under his oak, and anguring from the motions of the nuts, with looks that might have befitted a Roman, when inspecting the entrails of a ram. When we were thus engaged, in comes an old reverend-looking man. He was the father of the house. We saluted one another with great gravity, but welcome mingled with his soberness. He was an old man, about sixty-five, and spoke English well. He retired for about ten minutes, during which time I continued at my sports, and we were all as familiar as if our acquaintance had been for many years. The old man returned, and desired me to follow him. There was silence in his presence, and I followed him in silence. He conducted me to the best end of the mansion, which was a little commodious apartment, containing a bed, a clock, a chest of drawers, a cupboard, some old pictures, and a little book-case, with about twenty or thirty volumes. He then commenced a profound conversation, of which you may form some idea when you know that the phrases of 'human nature,' 'all ages,' 'absolute evil,' 'superstitious people,' 'spiritual pride,' &c. &c., were frequently introduced by both parties. Ye wise men of the metropolis, boast as you please of your wisdom, I could delineate to you a picture of a sage in a Highland cottage. Old farmer Gordon poured out quotations from Pope, Parnell, and Burns. The favourite of his youth was Hervey, whose flowers and tomb-stones were still familiar to his fancy, and became more so as we drank of the pure Highland whisky. He could spiritualize upon the wick of a candle, and conjure up a moral from the spilling of a glass. Long had he made observations upon men and manners, and never yet did I see a man who so powerfully reminded me of Homer's Nestor. His speech was very distinct, equal, and fluent. He continually talked of what he knew in his youth, of what he had forgot, and the difference of the times in his recollection. He wore a wig. His eyes were penetrating, and his nose aquiline. The *tout-ensemble* of his face was the expression of contentment, peace, and piety. We sat till twelve o'clock, paying our devotions to the peat-reek; and before we separated, he called his family to drink my health, who by this time had wonderfully got into his good graces. 'There,' said he, with great dignity, 'drink to this young gentleman's health, who is both well

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acquainted with books and men.' When twelve o'clock struck he arose. 'Now, sir,' said he, 'I leave you; you have for your comfort a fire, you have a candle, and there are books to amuse you; what is it more that you desire?'

There will seem something more flighty than clerical in the above to many as averse to ascetic sourness as ourselves. But "flightiness" was in the air just then;—for a large part of the volume is devoted to a retrospect of the awful and insane fanaticisms which produced so much disaster. One of Mr. Story's flock was Isabella Campbell, whose biography, written by him, stands, we believe, in high repute among sectarian publications of its order,—being made, we observe, the object of a special panegyric by the impulsive Wilberforce. It was among her family that those vagaries broke out for which no epithet can be too strong; that a violent gibberish was improvised or invented, which its speakers profanely averred reproduced the day of Pentecost as narrated in Scripture; that awful self-conceit rose to the point of professing that chosen persons had the power of raising the dead!—insanities afterwards reproduced among refined and lettered persons elsewhere, and which, in another form, are floating about—a film of noxious vapour—even in these our own days. For awhile Mr. Story seems not to have been disinclined to give ear to the rant of the Row family, forgetting that it is the so-called examination and inquiry into these preposterous marvels which keep them and the pride of their makers alive. It is true that he afterwards rebuked Mary Campbell, the speaker of Pellew tongue, when she failed to follow her previously-announced purpose of laying her gift on the altar of missionary enterprise, and, on having been patronized by an English woman of title, re-appeared at the scene of her first efforts in silk and satin;—but he had gone one step too far, we hold, in tampering for a single hour with such monstrosities.

There would be small profit in minutely dwelling on the part taken, or rather abstained from, by the minister of Rosneath in the next somewhat more explicable convulsions which shook the Church of Scotland, the great Secession.—He was one of those who remained behind, and this caused a coolness betwixt himself and Chalmers never afterwards wholly dispelled, though the two exchanged explicit yet conciliatory letters on the subject and met as friends. The narrative is relieved with a few dry Scottish anecdotes, showing that the ancient spirit of Jenny Geddes is not yet dead in the North country:—

"The reasons which the 'Evangelical' parishioners of Rosneath, thus enlightened, gave for joining the 'popular and godly' party were sometimes odd enough. 'I'm no gann to bide in a Kirk where I canna' get preevileges,' said one extremely profane swearer. 'Div' ye think I'll stay in a Kirk where I'm tellt that if I dinna believe the Almighty's my father I'm nae Christian?' was the protest of another. 'And what will you do, John?' was asked of the coachman of a gentleman, to whom the local secession owed not a little of its success. Replied John, with most judicial gravity, 'I'll gang whar' the horse gangs.' Sometimes in the cottage debates on the all-engrossing subject, the dry Scotch humour of the disputants lighted up the vexed question with a gleam of wit and common sense, that would have rather discomfited some of the orators on Non-intrusion platforms. A favourite figure of speech with the schismatics was the representation that they were the 'corn,' and their degraded opponents in the Establishment, the 'chaff.' 'Aweel,' said one old woman on hearing the oft-repeated assertion, 'may be sae, but I'm feared ye maun be some o' the licht corn o' Egypt, for I ne'er heard tell in my time o' corn that fleet awa, and cauf that bided ahint.' 'Bonny on their conscience,' exclaimed another, on Mr. Story say-

ing to her that he hoped those who went were obeying that inward monitor, 'If ye kent them as weel as I dae, ye wadna say muckle aboot their conscience. One way, conscience is an ill guide wi'oot the Scriptur'; nae doot it was conscience that sent Saul gallopin' awa' to Damascus.' Some time after the secession, one of the parishioners who had not been at Church for some time, accosted a lady whom he met: 'I'm coming to the Kirk noo, Mrs. —; I'm that mad at — and his calves, that I'm coming to the Kirk noo.'—'What have the calves to do with it?' asked she, much bewildered.—'Weel, ye see,' replied the ancient, 'he's pit oot a bit book, and he says in it, that we're worshipping golden calves in the Kirk, and for me I see nae o' them; and I'm that mad at him for sayin', that I'm coming back. I have never cam' sin' the time o' the rippet—no that I gaed wi' them—but I jist said I wad na' gang onywhere till folk keepit peace aboot it. For there was the wife greetin' at ae end o' the hoose, and M. greetin' at the ither; and the wife cam' to me, and says she, "Will ye gar M. gang to the Kirk?"—"No," says I, "I'll no gar her. Wad ye like me to gar ye gang wi' her to the new Kirk?"—"I wad na gang for yer garrin," says the wife.—"Weel then," says I, "I'll no gar her gang wi' you to the auld Kirk; she'll gang to her Kirk, and you'll gang to your Kirk; and I'll gang to no Kirk till sich time as ye keep peace in the hoose." But I'm that mad at — and his calves that I'm coming noo.'

Ere we close our dealings with this unpleasant yet peculiar book, interesting as throwing light on troublous times, we are bound to say that the impression of the character of Mr. Story as a man is agreeable. He seems to have had a genial nature, and to have been loved by all around him.

*The Scots in France; the French in Scotland*  
—[*Les Ecosais en France, les Français en Ecosse*, par Francisque Michel]. 2 vols. (Trübner & Co.)

AFTER the fashion of those melo-dramas in which the chief sensation-scene depicts separate actions going on at the same time in different apartments of one house, M. Michel has described the contemporaneous events in the history of his countrymen in Scotland and in that of the Scots in his native country. A more popular subject could hardly have been selected by him, and we know of no writer better adapted to treat that subject worthily and conscientiously. Let no one, however, expect to find it treated in a sensational manner. These volumes are singularly free from stilted writing and startling incidents. The author is a business-like man, and executes his task according to the manner of such estimable persons. He gives multitudes of hard, honest facts, but does not profess to amuse you. He masses events together, but draws no conclusions, indulges in no sentiment. He does not pretend to be picturesque, but he piles up solid instruction. If you will condescend to be taught, so; if you want sensation, move on.

The first truth established by M. Michel in these volumes is, that from the very earliest periods the Scots have exhibited a proverbial alacrity in quitting their own country. He alludes to the "hospitals" founded on the Continent by a few of the ecclesiastics from Scotland who grew rich, but he misses the fact of the characteristic exclusiveness of those founders. They imitated the conduct of the Scottish Prince Guiliemo, the follower of Charlemagne. That prince founded fifteen monasteries in Germany and Italy, but covenanted that no one should be admitted into them who was not a Scotchman!

The mutual interest of France and Scotland was based on selfishness. They laughed at and used each other. They were bound by one strong tie. England was the enemy of both;

and when England menaced either, both united against the common foe. A victory gained by this common foe, however, was generally followed by a treaty binding the vanquished—the Scots to break off from France, the French to tear up all old engagements with the Scots. The contractors swore to observe good faith towards each other, went home, violated their promises and renewed the state of war. In the first years of the fifteenth century the Scottish Archers were a regularly enrolled force in the pay of the King of France, of the Duke of Orleans, and even of barons of no affinity with the blood royal. On the other hand, companies of French gentlemen fought in the quarrels of Scotland against England, but they were not permanently enrolled troops like the Scottish Archer Guard in the French service. The latter left no traces in France, save here and there a name, and, perhaps, the burden of a song 'La Faridoné,'—a suggested corruption of some chorus about 'The Fair o' Dundee,' sung in the camp or the guardhouse. The French, what with the brides who married Scottish princes, the households they brought with them from Gaul, and the troops which accompanied some of those ladies, garrisoning towns to the great disgust of the burghers, have left marks daily and nightly traceable in Scotland, as in the *assiet* (assiette) of potatoes and the injunction of "Gardy loo!"

From the above period, for many years subsequently, the alliance between France and Scotland was so strict that the latter country would conclude no treaty of peace with England without consulting with and receiving the sanction of France. When Mary Stuart married Francis the Second of France, Scotland, under the regency of the Queen-mother, Mary of Lorraine, had well nigh become a province of that continental kingdom. Mary of Lorraine, that wily and plausible scion of the wily, ambitious and unscrupulous House of Guise, filled her daughter's strong towns with French troops and carried things with a high hand, till the people, seeing their independence in imminent peril and the reformed religion seriously menaced, exercised the sacred right of the oppressed, broke into open war, and succeeded in driving out the intruders, rendering safe their church, establishing their liberty, and putting an end for ever to the "peculiarly civilizing" influences of the French in Scotland.

The history of this last-named period is the most interesting portion of that particular section of a work which seems more fitted for reference than for continuous perusal, only that it wants that indispensable thing, an Index. M. Michel's idea of Mary of Lorraine is based upon M. Mignet's character of that clever lady; and M. Mignet's character, as far as it is painted in words, seems to us to be servilely copied from that executed by that ultra-orthodox limner Archbishop Spottiswoode, of whom M. Michel makes no mention, unless it be in some of his closely-printed notes, from which ordinary eyes turn painfully away. The truth touching the mother of Mary Stuart, who did her utmost to annex Scotland to France, lies between the hyper-eulogism of the Archbishop of St. Andrews and the fierce invectives of John Knox, whose Calvinistic tendencies the Scottish prime disliked at least as much as he disliked Popery. Mary of Lorraine was woman enough to be desirous to attain her ends quietly; failing in which, to accomplish them by fraud and violence. Lacking success either way, she died as much from "displeasure," as Spottiswoode remarks, as from exhaustion; but wishing to part friends with all factions, she called to the side of her dying couch the leaders of the faction by whom she had been most stoutly opposed, and intimating to them that she was



not so bad as she seemed, and that she had been employed in carrying out work forced upon her, rather than engaged in compassing ends of her own, kissed them all round and forthwith died. The French never recovered the position they had lost, and the future plots of the Guises only terminated in sending their unlovely kinswoman, Mary Stuart, to the scaffold. We recommend to the author a study of the Marquis de Boullé's book on this subject.

The history of the Scots in France is altogether a longer and a more creditable history. When, early in the fifteenth century, the Scottish Archer Guard was established around the king's majesty in France, the heir-apparent demurred against them as if they formed an illegal force raised to menace a constitutional kingdom. The kings, however, fully appreciated the value of such faithful men at home and such doughty warriors in the field. The privileges awarded them put them on an equality with the most favoured Frenchmen, and, foot or horsemen, they continued unbroken till the suppression of the company of cavalry in the reign of Henry the Third. In the early days of the guard the commander-in-chief was appointed by the King of Scotland, but gradually and naturally the French sovereign assumed the exercise of this right. But this led to important innovations. The French monarchs began to appoint French commanders; and even among the hundred men-at-arms, the hundred archers of the guard, and the four-and-twenty selected as personal body-guard to the king, French appointments began to show themselves. The guard, however, was almost purely Scottish when it mustered around Henry the Fourth on the occasions of his public abjuration, his conversion and his coronation. Under Louis the Thirteenth, the exigencies of the time and the policy of Richelieu demanding men wherever they could be obtained, the once privileged companies expanded into a Scottish regiment in the service of France; and under Louis the Fourteenth, although the "Gendarmerie Ecosaise" was not of the king's household, yet it took precedence of the French "Mousquetaires," who were. On every field those "gentlemen" were found doing, or dead and having done, their duty. More efficient auxiliaries never honestly and gallantly helped a bad king to oppress his own people or destroy those of other nations.

The fate of James the Second in England increased the Scottish aspirants to military service in France, in whose quarrels their blood flowed freely at very small cost to their selfish employer. While James the Second lived, a "Scottish" force was maintained in the French army; but soon after his death a decree, dated February 1702, ordered all the English and Scotch soldiers serving under the crown of France to be incorporated in the Irish brigade which was in the same service. Thus, the career of the Scottish Guard, as an exclusive arm in France, and under various modifications, lasted three hundred years. Its final extinction dates later by half a century. Amalgamated with English Romanists in the Irish brigade, they and their comrades were never found wanting whether in support of Bourbon or of Stuart; but on St. Patrick's Day, 1763, these foreign troops in the service of France, — George the Third being then King of England, — were "reduced," in other words, broken up, at Valenciennes, "by the Marquis de Brehan, their compatriot and inspector"; the last of the list of commanders, which began in 1402 with the name of Lindsey, Earl of Crauford.

In narrating this double history M. Michel has terminated a work which has been in preparation some twenty years. His industry,

zeal and research are really beyond all praise; we only question if they have not occasionally carried him too far, and led him to insert matter which has, at the best, but a very subordinate connexion with the two main streams of his subject. His 'Scots in France' is not confined to a history of the Scottish Archers there, but extends to notices more or less brief of every Scottish person of whose residence there he has discovered some trace. When this leads him to the founding of French families by Scottish progenitors, — a subject largely illustrated by shields of arms, — the genealogists will have cause to be grateful to him; but when he adds thereto the adventures of such a handsome hussy as Grace Dalrymple Elliot, the Scotch mistress of Egalité Orleans, he enters on a devious by-path which has no termination, but on which he is obliged to halt, because a book which passes over a thousand pages must necessarily come to an end. The care, however, with which he has executed the minutest detail of his task is manifest in every page, the annotation throughout being profuse. For every assertion he cites his authority, and in one instance, after telling an anecdote on Miss Strickland's authority, he states, that to verify her own narration, he examined several editions of the book from which that lady professed to derive her story, and failed to discover it in any!

M. Michel is apparently less familiar with the descent of families in Scotland owing their origin to French founders, than with that of houses in France whose first great ancestor (for every house arbitrarily establishes as its founder the first successful man of the line whom it falls upon) was a Scot. Among those of the former class whom he does not mention is the family of Lis, whose name, registered in the British Army List, although taking the English pronunciation, is undoubtedly the French Lily, and in its French form is traditionally said to have been adopted by one of the brothers of Jeanne Darc, and carried by him as his successor into Scotland. In this case the "French in Scotland" may be said to be honourably illustrated still. The latest illustration with which we are acquainted of the "Scots in France" is connected with the attempt of Marshal Magnan, who, by imperial command, calls himself Grand Master of the Freemason Lodges of France, to suppress, among others, the lodge known as the *Rite Ecossois*. This brings us back to the days of Charles Edward. That unlucky Prince, the Scottish Guard being defunct, and he being desirous to testify to the Masons of Artois his gratitude for the many kindnesses he had received at their hands, founded in the City of Arras a "primatial sovereign Chapter of R.C.X.," under the distinctive title of 'Jacobite Scotland'; and, singularly enough, this new Chapter was placed under the governing superintendence of two advocates of Arras, the Chevalier Lagneau and the Chevalier Robespierre. It is the suppression of this French lodge, founded by a Scottish Prince, and placed under the rule of Lagneau and Robespierre, which the Emperor and the Marshal find a matter of so much difficulty.

*Travels in British Columbia; with the Narrative of a Yacht Voyage round Vancouver's Island.* By Capt. C. E. Barrett-Lennard. (Hurst & Blackett.)

*Vancouver Island and British Columbia: where they are; what they are; and what they may become.* By A. Rattray, M.D. R.N. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

It is not long since a work was published in which British Columbia was depicted as a gaunt,

ungrateful wilderness, fit for a tenantry of savages, white or red, but utterly repulsive to civilized men. Capt. Barrett-Lennard's picture is far more attractive. He explored the country in a less bilious mood, and, though obviously anxious to avoid exaggeration, describes it as one in which the steady emigrant may thrive, whether as miner, manufacturer or agriculturist. He was two years on the Pacific coast of the North American continent; he made numerous land excursions; he cruised round Vancouver's Island in a yacht, and he became acquainted with many of the Indian tribes, few of which have hitherto been familiarly known to Europe. The grand obstacle, indeed, in the way of seeing and painting as they really are those singular regions, is that of distance. Enterprising as Englishmen are, it is not yet an everyday thing to sail or steam twenty thousand miles, or trip to Panama, or set off for New York, and journey from Missouri to the Pacific, by way of the Salt Lake, in a stage-coach, in order to clear up a question of climate, sport or soil. Capt. Barrett-Lennard, however, made the voyage manfully, taking out his little yacht with him, resolving to work round Vancouver's Island, which he describes as "one vast forest of thickly-grown pine," with here and there a patch of cleared and cultivated land; though the Indians assert that, in the interior, there are extensive open plains, with water communication from sea to sea. The climate he compares with that of England. It is curious, however, to find that so little is actually known, even by the settlers, beyond a narrow fringe of coast. The Hudson's Bay hunters, no doubt, have roamed in those woods, and bartered with tribes that rarely approach the shore. But few of them were book-makers, any more than the trappers of the Far West. In British Columbia itself, the first European establishment dates only from 1806, when some traders settled on the Fraser River, now famous as flowing through the golden rocks of Cariboo. The ancient barbarism lingers almost everywhere. The huts of the aborigines dot the shore, their quaint inmates lounge along the beach, the grotesque wooden monuments above their graves are visible on the skirts of the forest; and it is almost startling, after ranging this dim and desolate wilderness, to come suddenly upon the brick and stone stateliness of Victoria. During his yacht-cruise Capt. Barrett-Lennard was enabled to survey the entire panorama of the island, excepting those central territories which the Indians allege to be naturally habitable and capable of culture. He began, however, with a visit to the Fraser River, in Columbia, and to New Westminster, the capital, for which a name was selected by the Queen. It is, he says, well situated for commerce, the stream being at that point 2,000 yards in width, and far away spread the woods, whence the noblest spars in the world may be taken. A settler laying a wager that he would cut through a single tree in three weeks' time, with an axe, lost his money; but steam-mills have been set up, and the timber kings come down like poplars. This flying visit over, the sail round Vancouver's Island was begun in earnest, varied by bivouacs, pic-nics with grass-cutters and hay-makers, foraging expeditions, and colloquies with the friendly Indians. Little sport was to be had, and it was especially difficult to find a deer. There was much, however, to interest a stranger in the native tribes, joined every year by a vast immigration from the north, whence the Indians come to summer, paddling hundreds of miles in their light canoes to exchange their hunting-trophies for money, blankets, powder, tobacco and whisky. These are the Hydahs, the Chinseans, the Stickeens,

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the Skidegates and the Bella-Bellas, some of whom fight whenever they meet, and at one period actually raised their war-whoops in the streets of Victoria. They are unmitigated savages:—

"Many of the tribes inhabiting Vancouver and the adjacent coasts, practise the barbarous custom of flattening the skull by means of two pieces of wood bound tightly to the fore part of the head, in infancy and childhood, whereby the skull is forced into an unnatural and hideous shape, rising, in fact, to a perfect ridge on the top. Some tribes distort their skulls into a shape that has been likened to a sugar-loaf. As far as I could ascertain, this strange interference with the normal development of the brain is not attended by any mental deficiency. Most tribes are accustomed to pierce the ears and nose, in which rings of moderate size are worn; to those in the ear, however, many other pendants are generally attached. I have frequently been amused to see an Indian, on receiving the always welcome gift of two or three English needles, carry them away with him stuck in the hole pierced through his nostril. The most unsightly of these customs is that of piercing the lower lip. This is confined entirely to the Northern Indians, and among them is only practised by the women. In the earlier stages, a small silver tube is worn through the puncture; with the lapse of years, however, the size of this article is gradually increased, until at length the lip comes to be distended to a hideous extent by the insertion of a shell or wooden ornament."

The men paint their faces vermillion when on the war-trail; the women, to preserve their complexions. They are nomades, dwelling only in temporary houses, living on meat, potatoes and fish. To cook a salmon Bella-Bella fashion, you must put it into a wooden bowl, nearly filled with water, and drop in red-hot stones until the water boils—a fact for a new edition of Goguet. But flour, biscuits, rice, sugar and molasses now enrich the Indian kitchen, and whisky, villainously adulterated, often with camphine, poisons the Indian feast. In other respects these natural gentlemen are degenerating:—

"The custom of executing quaint carvings in wood, bone, and other substances for which the Indians have long been noted, seems falling into disuse. The specimens now produced are nothing like so curious and elaborate as the older ones. The Indian canoe has been celebrated ever since the white man was first brought into contact with the aboriginal inhabitants of America. The well-known bark canoe met with among the Indian races of the interior I have never seen here. The canoe of this part of the world is fashioned out of the trunk of a single tree; they are of various sizes, and, I need hardly assure my readers that, even with the improved implements obtainable by the Indians in the present day, they are a work of no small labour. They are hollowed out by a slow fire, so disposed under the trunk to be operated upon as to consume the inner portion. In the war canoe the prow is elevated, being intended to afford shelter to its occupants; the top part is also furnished with a groove on which to rest their muskets in firing."

A sort of privileged Brahminical class exists among them, styled Kluquolla. To become a Kluquolla the Indian must be taken to a hut, where the arteries under his tongue are cut, his face masked, and the blood allowed to run over his body. Then, he takes an opiate, and remains unconscious for two days. Next, he is flung into the water to wake up. Scrambling out, he must seize a dog, tear, bite, and eat a little of him; he may also bite a man or two if he pleases, the bitten individuals being highly honoured. Afterwards, he is bound and led round the village in captivity three times a day, with a tremendous rattle whirling in front of him; and he may bite or stab any person within reach. Finally, he is tied all night to a tree; and when the maceration has lasted eight

days, he is supposed to eat, weep forty-eight hours over his excesses, and enter into the sacred ranks of Kluquolladom. The myths of this people are curious:—

"The belief among the Northern Indians is, first, that Yale (crow) made everything. That men possess a never-dying soul. The brave, who fall in battle, and those who are murdered, enjoy everlasting happiness in heaven; while those that die a natural death are condemned to dwell for ages among the branches of tall trees. The world was originally dark, shapeless, chaotic, the only living thing being Yale. For a long time he flew round and round the watery waste, until at length, growing weary of the intolerable solitude, he determined to people the universe. He bade the waters recede, and the sun shine forth and dry the earth. The effect of this was to cause a dense mist to arise; out of this mist he created salmon, and put them into the lakes and rivers. Birds and beasts were afterwards created on land. After Yale had finished his work of creation, he made a survey of it, and found that all creatures were satisfied with the universe in which they had been placed, with the exception of the lizard, who, having a stock of provisions laid up for winter use, and being moreover a great sleeper, preferred a request to be allowed five months' winter. 'Not so,' replied Yale, 'for the sake of the other animals there shall be but four snowy months.' The lizard insisted on five, stretching forth at the same time his five digits, for in those days he had a hand like a man. The crow seized his hand, and cutting off one finger, gave him to understand that the remaining number should indicate the months of the seasons, four rainy, four snowy, and four summer. The crow finding, as winter came on, that he had no house to shelter him, or to store the salmon he had prepared for winter use, made two men to build houses. He then taught them how to make ropes out of the bark of trees, and to dry salmon. After a time, feeling the want of a helpmate, the crow began to look out for a wife. His first choice fell upon a salmon."

They have their peculiar tastes. Capt. Barrett-Lennard presented a chieftain with a pair of trousers. He returned them as "vain and foolish inventions," but took care to cut off all the buttons. The fashions among the women vary. Here is the wife of a great man:—

"Her wardrobe was extensive and varied, and the really tasteful manner in which the gaily-coloured blankets she wore were ornamented and embroidered, testified to her skill with the needle. Strips of crimson cloth, not inartistically disposed on a ground of blue, and ornamented with an infinite number of small pearl buttons, formed, as may be supposed, a very gorgeous article of apparel. The manner in which she made use of the vermillion paint, so extensively patronized by all Indians, formed a striking contrast to that of other women. She applied it sparingly, and really made it produce the effect of rouge; whereas all the other women we saw laid it on in a thick bright dab."

Savages though they are, Capt. Barrett-Lennard was astonished by the evidences of their industry. He visited some of their hamlets, composed of giant wooden houses:—

"It is indeed astonishing and unaccountable how these savages ever managed to raise a beam near, or quite, a hundred feet in length, and from three to four feet in diameter at the larger end, to a height of ten or twelve feet from the ground. The sight of these buildings produced much the same effect of wonder on my mind as did the first visit to Stonehenge."

In British Columbia, the Indians, when fishing, often swing themselves over the water in a cradle hanging from the branch of a tree.

British Columbia, seen through Capt. Barrett-Lennard's eyes, is a fine agricultural and pastoral country; he advises speculators to take stock into the interior, where exists "the finest grazing land imaginable." The climate is "remarkably healthy and bracing, and the air pure." Hunters will find plenty of game,

The field is open, and all competition might, without artificial enactments, be excluded:—

"It is impossible to estimate the loss that British Columbia sustained last season, in consequence of her want of agricultural industry. It has been computed at upwards of half a million of dollars. Here is, in itself, a sum that would provide five hundred farmers with an annual profit of one thousand dollars, certainly greater than the average gains realized by diggers. Thus, we see we have a source of wealth capable of yielding higher profits than the gold fields, lying absolutely fallow."

But—  
"The intending gold-digger should bear in mind that genuine digging for gold is very hard work; is, in fact, the work of a navvy, and requires the exercise of a very considerable amount of physical strength and endurance. \* \* That many who leave this country in the sanguine hope of realizing a rapid fortune in the new 'El Dorado' of the West will be disappointed, there can be no doubt; at the same time there are many other ways besides gold-digging of earning a livelihood in new and thriving colonies, like British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, if the emigrant be only willing to work and prepared to turn his hand to anything in which he can be useful. Really skilled artisans may command a very high rate of wages. I have myself paid a carpenter as much as five dollars a day."

Generally, his opinion of the colony is most favourable, and in direct contrast with others which have been laid before the public. He sums up thus:—

"I look upon British Columbia as possessing, independently of her gold fields, no inconsiderable share of the essential elements of success and future prosperity. Of course the discovery of gold is an incalculable boon to a country already possessing so many advantages of soil and climate, and will give an impulse to its material progress in which months will see the work of years accomplished. In directing a tide of immigration to its shores, it will be the means of supplying it with the very element of prosperity of which it stands most in need—strong hands to till its soil and develop those material resources which must ever constitute the true wealth of a country. The prosperity of a new colony like British Columbia is to be gauged by its agricultural produce. If it be not self-supporting, its gold, however abundant, must go to purchase provisions for the hungry mouths of its population, and thus enrich other lands rather than itself; nor do I doubt that, in the main, agricultural pursuits will prove a surer road to wealth than even gold-digging."

Capt. Barrett-Lennard must tell our readers the story of a recent voyage in the Pacific. It is picturesque:—

"The vessel in which he sailed happened to put into one of the Navigator Islands, for yams, fresh vegetables, and fruits; the crew of one of the native canoes engaged in supplying them offered to take any of the passengers on shore who might like to see something of the island, while the ship lay off. My friend was the only person on board who availed himself of the offer; he, however, at once leaped into the canoe and was paddled ashore—having, at the same time, nothing on but a shirt and a pair of cotton trousers. Soon after he landed, a tropical squall happening to spring up, he was not surprised to see the ship put about and stand out to sea. This did not cause him any surprise or uneasiness, as he felt sure that, as soon as the squall had subsided, she would return and fetch him. In this expectation he was however doomed to be disappointed, as the wind carried the vessel so far out to sea that she was wholly unable to make the island again; at least he concludes this must have been the case, as he certainly never set eyes on her again. He was thus left like a second Robinson Crusoe, a solitary man on the island of Toutouila, one of the Navigator group, in the midst of the Pacific. Assuming the practical wisdom of the maxim which sets forth the expediency of doing at Rome as the Romans do, he proceeded to act upon it by making himself as much at home and as comfortable as circumstances would permit, among the

fortunately friendly savages with whom his lot had been so strangely cast, endeavouring, as far as possible, to conform to their habits and mode of life. He had no reason to complain, from the very first, of the treatment he experienced at their hands, and the very high esteem in which he soon came to be held was shown by his being elected a chief. Fortunately one of the natives had served for some time on board a whaler, and had managed to pick up a few words of English; he was therefore enabled to use him as an interpreter. He spoke of the climate as being delightful, while delicious tropical fruits were produced in abundance. His health, he declared, was never better than during this compulsory sojourn on the island of Tontoula, a circumstance he ascribed in great measure to the regular life he led, and the simple wholesome food that formed his daily sustenance: not that this consisted solely of a vegetable diet, however; the bill of fare was agreeably diversified by chicken and pork, both fowls and pigs—the progeny of a stock left here by Capt. Cook—being found in abundance on the island.

Nine months elapsed and another vessel arrived, bound for Australia. Then, clad as a gentleman might be after running wild in woods,—long-haired, bearded and barbarous,—he went on board; the lady passengers ran out of the cabin as he entered it, and he had some difficulty in establishing his claim to a European paternity.

We leave this lively and interesting volume to the reader, and take up Dr. Rattray's manual. The author was two years in the colony. He sketches its history, pointing out how large are the tracts on the island and the mainland still totally unknown. He regards the climate as essentially salubrious—a short, dry and mild spring; a long, bright, clear summer, varied by occasional showers; a misty autumn with strawberries in bloom; and a cold and moist winter:—

“Actual observation thus goes far to show that the climate of these colonies is superior to that of England both in physical character and salubrity, and experience proves that it is equally well adapted for agricultural and pastoral farming. Its general mildness and healthiness, therefore, offer one great inducement among many which Vancouver Island and British Columbia hold out to intending emigrants.”

And further:—

“Vancouver Island and British Columbia possess valuable animal and vegetable products, and good agricultural and pastoral capabilities; valuable fisheries and eminent food-producing capabilities; while good markets exist in the Pacific for their surplus produce, with every facility for its exportation. Few colonies can offer better inducements than these.”

He advocates the union of British Columbia with Vancouver's Island as one colony:—

“A disinterested survey of the respective resources and capabilities of both colonies, like that now taken, cannot fail to lead to the conclusion, that while these are so different, their aims as colonies are, from one point of view, equally distinct. Though separate, however, their interests agree in another point of view; and both colonies should be united in one great purpose, viz. mutual advancement and the common good, and with this object each may greatly aid and advance the other. While Vancouver Island, by her commerce, may attract emigrants, goods, wealth, &c. to spread over both colonies; the sister colony, on the other hand, by her agricultural and pastoral produce, her gold and silver, her timber and other valuable resources, may benefit the commerce and manufactures of Vancouver Island; and while the latter, as a manufacturing colony, may render eminent service by furnishing a supply of useful manufactures at cheaper rates than they can be imported from other countries, British Columbia will be useful in her turn by the demand which a numerous and widely-scattered population will create for supplies and manufactured goods, as well as by

the supplies of raw materials which that colony will soon be able to furnish.”

These passages are worth noting. Indeed, to all who profess more than a general interest in the new Gold Region of the Pacific, Dr. Rattray's volume, well written and arranged, and full of valuable information, must be a necessary manual.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Documents relating to the Settlement of the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity of 1662.* (Kent & Co.)—In his preface to this miscellaneous collection of documents, which is upon the whole the most malignant and unprofitable instalment of Bi-centenary literature hitherto submitted to our notice, the editor observes—“The various Acts, reprinted in this volume, which were intended to harass and destroy the Nonconformists, will enable every reader to judge of the relentless animosity with which those peaceable and conscientious citizens were persecuted. Had it not been for increasing the bulk of the volume, some other Acts and papers would have been included in it; but it is hoped that the collection now made is complete for all practical purposes.” The object of the compiler being to irritate old wounds and rekindle enmities that have all but died out, he has done quite enough for what he designates “practical purposes.” Had he aimed at the diffusion of sound and impartial views on a most interesting passage of English history, he would have done much more. It should be known that the collector takes credit to himself for “modernizing the orthography and correcting the punctuation” of his selected papers and extracts. Most readers do not care to have original documents so “doctored.”

*My Country. The History of the British Isles.* By E. S. A. Edited by the Rev. John H. Broome. (Wertheim, Macintosh & Hunt.)—The author of ‘My Country,’ with this fifth instalment, brings to a conclusion the best child's History of England with which we are acquainted. An advertisement prefixed to the present section informs the public that the five parts may be procured, bound in a single volume. Parents and teachers of the young will not fail to appreciate the excellence of E. S. A.'s useful and modest labour.

*A History of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain and Ireland, from the earliest Date to the present Time; with Biographical Notices of departed Temperance Worthies.* By Samuel Couling. (Tweddle.)—All who advocate the fountain as a purer and healthier spring than the hoghead of Hollands, and who drive their advocacy to excess, will be glad of this book. To ourselves it has always been evident that there is no manufacturing great changes in moral habits by the agency of meetings, medals, pledges; but many wise and good people have thought otherwise, and enlisted enthusiasm to destroy false excitement. The biographical notices are open to the objection implied in our remark. Yet, strange to say, that of Father Mathew (one of the noteworthy men of his century), whose name belongs to Ireland's Pantheon, where O'Connell's and Kirwan's are to be found, has neither flavour nor character.

*Denmark and Germany since 1815.* By Charles H. Gosch. With Four Maps. (Murray.)—Though a treatise of much importance upon a complicated question of the times, this is scarcely a work for literary criticism. It is essentially a study for politicians. Mr. Gosch writes naturally from a Danish point of view, and accumulates a vast variety of facts and arguments in maintenance of the position he assumes. No doubt, such a book was needed. By few, even among ordinary politicians in England, are the merits of the case understood; so that a leading article on what is called the Schleswig-Holstein dispute is generally little more than a confusion of fine words. Yet, for fifteen years has this quarrel between Denmark and Germany been hotly in progress, now deluging the newspapers with dullness, and now threatening the peace of Europe. Mr. Gosch endeavours to be fair, while admitting a bias. He writes temperately, is obviously in full possession of the documents and acts upon which the rival claims are founded,

and lays out the whole as upon a map, though a map of a very minute and complex nature. He treats the idea of a possible Russian succession in Denmark as a bugbear, and explains, in an interesting chapter, how the succession stands. The Russian Court has never, he shows, laid claim to the Danish throne, nor, in 1765, to any other part of the Danish monarchy than a portion of Holstein. But these claims have not been circumstantially defined, nor discussed, nor acknowledged as well founded by Denmark or any other European power, although their existence has been taken cognizance of as a fact.

*Waste Products and Undeveloped Substances; or, Hints for Enterprises in Neglected Fields.* By P. L. Simmonds. (Hardwicke.)—A man inclined to be fantastic might collect some hints from this useful little volume, compiled by Mr. P. L. Simmonds. For example, he might puzzle his friends by wearing shoes of porpoise or snake skin, and boots of alligator or walrus hide. He may drink French tea at twopence a pound, or, if he prefers it, acorn-coffee; read the news of the day off a leathern, wood, pineapple-leaf, asphodel or mulberry-bark surface; carry on his head a hat smoothed with a grass brush made from asparagus-pods; smoke beet-leaf tobacco from the carved shell of a coconut; quaff guava and mango cordials or peach-brandy; tickle his palate with Ceylon-moss jelly, and quench his thirst with lichen beer. He may deck his children in fish-scale brooches and bracelets, and buy them fishes' eyes to decorate their shell-flowers with. What a sensation might be produced by a lady entering a ball-room with a head-dress made of fishes' entrails from the north-west coast of America! Then, your innovator should cover himself with a pine-wool blanket, have his furniture made of sawdust, light his house with gas made from molasses, and serve at his dinner ochre-soup with Tartar bread. Thus might a great Camberwell or Clapton reputation accrue. Practically, apart from the many oddities it suggests, Mr. Simmonds's volume is full of information, which our manufacturers of all classes would do well to possess.

*Altitude Tables, and How to Use Them.* (Horne & Thornthwaite.)—This book is published by the instrument-makers. In twenty-six very small pages the whole thing is completely given, tables and explanations both.

*Solutions of the Questions in Mixed Mathematics, proposed to the Candidates for Woolwich in 1861 and 1862.* By the Rev. R. Fowler, M.A.—We have no word to add: the examination system will produce such things.

*The True Story of the Barons of the South; or, the Rationale of the American Conflict.* By E. W. Reynolds. (Walker, Wise & Co.)—Mr. E. W. Reynolds, who is good enough to inform us that he is author of ‘The Records of Bubbleton Parish,’ writes with much excitement about the virtues of the North and the vices of the South. “The white man of the South,” says Mr. Reynolds, “has been sinking into barbarism. Ignorance and superstition, cruelty and vice, violence and anarchy reign paramount in the slave-holding States. There never was seen such a sudden and wholesale relapse of great communities into hopeless barbarism. The records of the social life of those States have been, for some years, like pages gathered from the annals of the tenth century.” Such is the moderation of the writer! Mr. Olmsted wrote in a different, and, as we are inclined to think, a preferable vein.

*Dresser's Development of Ornamental Art in the International Exhibition.* (Day & Son.)—This work embodies popularly a series of sound and well-considered principles on the matter in hand, and adapts it, may be a little conceitedly, the propositions of Mr. Owen Jones and others to praise or condemnation of very many productions now displayed at South Kensington. The student who wishes to know why and wherefore such and such examples are good or bad, cannot do better than attend to Dr. Dresser in most things, except in his commendation of the opinions of a certain Mr. T. J. Lyon, which “appear now for the first time in print.” Dr. Dresser would do well to apply critically the principles he enunciates to the stained-glass works at the International Exhibition. With

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one or two exceptions, these important things are hideous, the results of ignorance and charlatanism.

*The Banks of the Forth: a Descriptive and Historical Sketch.* (Alloa, Lothian.)—The visitors to, as well as the dwellers along the borders of old Bodotria, may be grateful to Mr. Lothian for this little but useful guide-book. It is perhaps less carefully written than its predecessor, on Alloa, but the industry of the compiler has not abated; and the tourist will find his account in going forth to this district with this intelligent companion in his hand.

Mr. T. Marsh's *Grammar of the English Language* (Simpkin) is not merely a needless addition to the existing excess of English grammars, but positively incorrect in some of its statements. Thus we are told, that, in the phrase, *William is a more agreeable boy than is (sic) brother*, more is an adjective, because it is used to form the comparative degree of a polysyllable.—*A Selection of Interesting Extracts for Use in Schools and Families*, by T. Oliphant (Hamilton & Co.), answers to its title, and is intended more for the entertainment than the instruction of pupils from nine to twelve years of age.—Dr. Ahn, and some English assistants, have prepared a serviceable *Manual of French Conversation, for the Use of Schools and Travellers* (Trübner), containing vocabularies and conversations, such as are likely to be most needed in daily life. Both the English and French are remarkable for purity of idiom.—We consider *M. J. Tourrier's Ten Thousand useful French Words* (D. Nutt) far less valuable.—It is needless to do more than name *First Lessons in the Maori Language, with a Short Vocabulary*, by W. L. Williams, B.A. (Trübner).

Of Religious Publications we have to mention—*Persecution for the Word, with a Postscript on the Interlocutory Judgment, and the Present State of the Case*, by the Rev. Dr. Williams (Longman).—*An Apology for the Beard, addressed to Men in General, to the Clergy in Particular*, by Artium Magister (Rivingtons).—*Lay-Predaching in the Suburbs and Elsewhere*, by the Rev. E. D. Croo (J. H. & J. Parker).—*The Purse Religion*, by Dadabhai Naoroji (Pearson & Son).—*Bicentenary Prize Essay—Christian Churches: the noblest Form of Social Life, the Representative of Christ on Earth, the Dwelling-place of the Holy Spirit*, by the Rev. Dr. Angus (Ward & Co.).—*"The Waiting Isles," a Sermon preached at the Farewell Service of the Mission to the Sandwich Islands*, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Honolulu (Rivingtons).—*A Compendious Introduction to the Study of the Bible*, by the late Rev. T. H. Horne, revised by the Rev. J. Ayre (Longman).—*Life Lines, or God's Work in a Human Being*, by F. J. P. (Wertheim).—*The Gospel of S. Mark in the Authorized Version, arranged in Parts and Sections*, by the Rev. J. Forshall (Longman).—*The Story of a Red Velvet Bible*, by M. H. (Hamilton).—*and Alice Lother, or Grandmamma's Story about her Little Red Bible*, by J. W. C. (Hamilton).

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## THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

THERE is no longer any doubt; public report has been confirmed; and a Princess of Denmark will be, if the course of negotiation run smoothly, Princess of Wales. The royal marriage is to be celebrated early in the ensuing spring, and the young bride, we trust, will be seen—

on a day,  
When her looks out-fourish May,  
And her dressing shall outbrave  
All the pride the fields then have.

The new home will be established in Marlborough House; we could have wished a better bower for the young couple, but workmen are already repairing the ancient edifice, and General Knollys is, at this moment, we believe, Comptroller of their Royal Highness's Household. The office is hardly one for a warrior to hold, even in the house where the greatest of warriors once dwelt in honour; but if it be satisfactorily performed, a future day may see that such service has won back what centuries of litigation failed to do, the Earldom of Banbury to the representative of the Knollyses.

The most gallant feat ever accomplished by James the First of England (when he was King of Scotland) was in crossing the stormiest of seas in the stormiest of seasons, and marrying his bride, in a hurricane on the coast of Norway. From that lady, Anne of Denmark, our present Royal Family derive a portion of good old Danish blood. The union of George of Denmark with the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne produced but a sickly child or two, heirs who came not to their inheritance.

Five hundred years have elapsed since England beheld the first marriage of a Prince of Wales. Indeed, there have only been four such marriages in England, and one abroad. The preliminaries of marriage have often been made, but these were in such cases carried out after the Prince's accession to the throne. The first marriage to which we allude was that, in 1361, of Edward the Black Prince with the "Fair Countess,"—the buxom, warm-hearted, regal Joan of Kent. That was a rare love-match, albeit the bridegroom was over thirty years of age, and his brilliant English wife was the young widow of a former husband. But there was "heart" in the whole matter. England had known of no such hero as Edward, from his youth up, since the days of King Arthur, and all the realm of beauty, it is said, would have been hard put to it to produce altogether such a peerless lady as Joan;—a little too sharp, perhaps, with her wit, which sometimes made good Queen Philippa look serious. But England loved the pair, and the pair loved one another. What joyous house they kept,—not in Pall Mall! but in their princely mansion between Crooked Lane end and Fish Street Hill! What gay and rather costly doings—for Joan, it must be said, was a lady who loved such doings—went on at their palace at Berkhamstead! what ridings, and joustings, and laughing, and love-making, about that smaller bower they built at Prince's Risborough! The most near the little Backinghamshire church there, marks one part of the site

where dwelt together in love and mirthfulness the first of our married Princes and Princesses of Wales.

The next case of marriage was, according to some, a love-match too, but according to others, and far more probably, a match of convenience, namely, that of the fugitive Prince of Wales, Edward, son of Henry the Sixth, with that wealthiest and most hapless of co-heiresses, Lady Anne Neville, daughter of Warwick, the King-maker. This wedding was celebrated at Amboise, in France, with great outward show of rejoicing, in which England here took no part. A few months later, in 1471, the Prince of Wales came hither to win back a crown for his father and a home for his wife; but the young husband, not yet nineteen, fell at Tewkesbury; and the young Duke of Gloucester, then of the same age, subsequently took the widow unto himself, and proved not so indifferent a husband as romance and history would have us believe.

The next bridegroom-prince was younger still than the last. Arthur, son of Henry the Seventh, was but fifteen years of age when, in 1501, he married that vivacious Katharine of Aragon, who had been six months on her journey between the Alhambra and St. Paul's. All London was in wild hilarity at this Spanish match; the city, drinking, dancing, and dressed in its best, celebrated it by night and by day; the Court kept up the wedding festival for a whole brilliant, weary, and dissipated fortnight; while the Church seemed to have tumbled from propriety in the excess of its orthodox jollification.

Had this newly-married Prince and Princess of Wales quietly gone down to young Arthur's moated manor at White Waltham, good might have come of it. They repaired, however, to Ludlow Castle, and there the solemn young bridegroom—what with study, and state solemnities and tiring ceremonial, and Katharine, who was imposing, exacting, super-vivacious, able to dance down a dozen of such gallants as her husband, and always oppressive—fairly died of it all in five months, as might well have been expected.

The Dowager Princess was betrothed to Arthur's brother Henry, in 1504, when the latter was Prince of Wales; but as they were not married till after Henry's accession to the throne, in 1509, we pass on to the next espousals of an heir apparent; and this did not occur till the Star of Brunswick was well above the horizon.

There were love-passages enough and to spare between those periods. Prince Henry, that popular and ill-fated son of James the First, paid homage, after a fashion, to more than one English beauty in and about the court. In the midst of such pleasant pastime, which was very readily afforded him, and when he was about eighteen, negotiations were commenced in reference to a marriage between him and "Madame Clementine of France," a princess whose first-named dowry was doubled in order to tempt rather the Prince's father than the Prince, who in this matter exhibited that quality of readiness which indicates more of indifference or simple obedience than a loving willingness. Whatever it may have been, naught came of it. He was not to occupy the now old house at Ham with a bride. Death stepped in, and as the royal body was borne to Westminster, the old shook their heads at the calamity, and the young mourned—some as if a brother had departed, others as if the very pink of heroic lovers had disappeared for ever from the Court of Beauty.

Again, when Charles, afterwards the first of the name, was Prince of Wales, he made that romantic journey to Spain, to gain a glance of the lady who was named for his bride, and who was not so coyly cloistered up but that Charles found his way to her, in private. This designed match, however, was not completed; but the Prince of Wales, becoming King, found consolation in that Henrietta Maria of France, whose beauty had attracted him when on an embassy of love to another.

The love-passages of the next Prince of Wales: who came to manhood and paid homage to beauty are so "embroidered" by scandal, that we will not treat of them. For a disinherited Prince, Charles Stuart was, perhaps, the merriest as well as the

16 were born

poorest. Although not married while he bore the title of Prince, one serious attempt, at least, was made by his mother, in exile, to bring him within the register of Benedicks. What opportunities were rendered him to make way into the heart of the "Grande Mademoiselle," and how little he availed himself of them! What a subject for an artist is that incident of Henrietta Maria decking out this Grande Mademoiselle for a ball, while Charles held the light, and in this office of page was instructed to stand or move, now here, now there, to judge of the effect of a shoulder ribbon—of the play of a diamond necklace—of the fall of the hair—of the adjustment of the dress—of the pose of the whole figure—and of the flash of those lustrous eyes.

For Charles they sparkled in vain. Even had he not yet grown audacious, he lacked the power of speaking French fluently, and the lively Princess was unacquainted with English. "Ah!" said the lady, after a *little-à-l'été*, during which they sat and looked at each other, "if he could but have spoken, Heaven only knows what might not have happened!" Charles, however, did not speak, and the Grande Mademoiselle failed to become Princess of Wales.

And then follows Brunswick; the first Prince of Wales of which house—he who was afterwards George the Second—was married to the clever Caroline Wilhelmina, at the age of twenty-two, and long before he was raised to that title. When created Prince of Wales, he had already a bevy of little heirs and heiresses about him; and during the time he enjoyed the title, it was the delight of himself and wife to be in a condition of the most irritating antagonism against the sire regnant.

Frederick, the eldest son of George the Second, did not appear in England till after his father's accession, and his own creation as Prince of Wales. We believe there is truth in the old story that the Duchess of Marlborough had very nearly succeeded in inducing him to marry her granddaughter, Lady Diana Spenser—who, indeed, would have made as peerless a princess as any more noble sister born in the purple. Fate and political considerations, however, would have it otherwise; and in 1736, when the Prince of Wales was in his twenty-ninth year, a treaty was concluded, which gave him for a wife the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. Nearly two centuries and a half had elapsed since a Prince and Princess of Wales had come from the altar to be greeted by the people in England. The ceremony, accordingly, raised as much excitement in London as that of Arthur and Katharine,—but with a difference. The Royal Chapel at St. James's is but a rabbit-hutch compared with what old St. Paul's was; but though the stage was limited, the spectacle was grand enough, in its way. The stately and graceful dress of the Tudor time had indeed gone out of fashion, and a new attire was in vogue; that of the lady had a certain dignity, but a man in the full court-dress of the reign of George the Second was monkeyified. The Prince of Wales, perhaps, bore it as easily as any man of his day, and the Princess, save that she was overwhelmed with excess of it, became her dress, even in the opinion of the sternest critics in that delicate matter. There was a banquet of course, but the most splendid part of the day's ceremony was the bidding "good night," at the end of it, to the wedded pair, in their sleeping-room. There were assembled a very mob, from King and Queen downward to pages of the chamber, of the most gorgeously and extravagantly dressed lords and ladies, and aristocratic swains and nymphs, that ever met to wish happiness to a bride and bridegroom. The former sat up on her throne-like couch, half-hidden in clouds of muslin and of lace, while the Prince of Wales, in a dressing-gown of stiff costly gold brocade, slipped from group to group, and fantastically answered the greetings which saluted him by the way. And therewith the day came to an end.

After altogether another fashion were the next Prince and Princess of Wales made man and wife. The eldest son of George the Third, born in 1762, was as precocious as Prince Henry. At eighteen he was transmitting ridiculous love-letters to Perdita Robinson. At three-and-twenty he turned from the feet of Mrs. Crouch to pay homage at

those of Mrs. Fitzherbert, a lady hard upon thirty years of age, and already the widow of two husbands. Of this lady, after a sort of wooing which savours of the extravaganza, he became the third husband,—joined to her in holy matrimony, contrary to profane Act of Parliament, by a venturesome Protestant clergyman, in the Catholic lady's back drawing-room! How this rash couple looked at the time, and the very ring with which they were wedded, may now be seen in the Loan Exhibition at South Kensington.

But here was a *pseudo* Princess of Wales who was not wanted; and ten years later another was found for the Prince, who was far less worthy, and perhaps far more cruelly wronged. When Caroline of Brunswick and her future husband met at the altar, they had not seen one another before that day. The princely bridegroom was not sober, and the bride, despite all counsel from Mr. Harris and the ladies, was not particularly clean. They went "home" to wrangle,—hatred dwelt where love should have abided, and the domestic drama which opened so gloomily, darkened as it proceeded, and closed with a touch of deepest tragedy. There is this remarkable in the marriage of the heir apparent of George the Third, that he is the only one who, marrying when Prince of Wales, subsequently ascended the throne.

In the House of Brunswick may this happier course, thus commenced, be henceforth the rule. The coming match has happy auspices. The Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark, in addition to external and intellectual qualities, has earned golden opinions at home, as a "good daughter," and the Prince of Wales, especially in circumstances of late of some difficulty, has shown himself a cheerfully dutiful son. His training, too, and his experiences have been such as none of his royal predecessors ever enjoyed, and he is known to have profited by both. He is the first Prince of Wales born at Windsor since the birth of that other Edward who, as the third of the name, carried the glory of England in war higher than any King who had previously drawn the sword in our country's cause. May the later (Albert) Edward, in due time, make her more glorious in peace; setting an example to all England, by following that which he received in his own paternal home; and hand-in-hand with the fair Dane—for whom there is already laid up in every English household a rich tribute of respectful affection—go on through a long life, happy, honoured and beloved: the love and the honour as great as ever were rendered to mortals, with as abundant happiness as it is good for mortals to enjoy!

#### GAME IN BAVARIA.

Munich, Aug. 19.

THE 1st of September being so close at hand, one feels a natural interest in anything that bears upon game. The following notes, taken from an official statement of the amount of game in Bavaria, may prove pleasant reading to those who have made a good bag in the course of the day, and come home in a tolerable state of exhaustion.

The accounts we hear of the state of game before 1848 are more or less fabulous, and make up pictures of a golden age for sportsmen. Since 1848 the whole aspect has changed, and though great mischief was done to the game in that year by the outbreaks of peasants, its present state is generally satisfactory. The stag is still found in open pastures, and is not limited in number in some of the higher mountain ranges of Southern Bavaria. In parts of Franconia, the Fichtelgebirge, and the Upper Palatinate, it also exists, though in smaller quantities; but in some of the private parks of the great proprietors, as at Stauf, near Ratibon, belonging to Prince Taxis, it is preserved with care and attains to great number. Fallow deer are also plentiful in the park of Stauf, and are found at large on the Herren-Insel, the chief island in the Chiemsee. Occasional ones appear in the meadows of the Iser, near Munich, and formerly the chaces in the neighbourhood of Munich, in Swabia, and near Bayreuth, were in possession of some. Wild boars are also much less plentiful than they were up to the end of the last century; they are now

chiefly confined to the Royal and the great private parks. Chamois, on the other hand, are perhaps more plentiful than ever. I am told that the King has 10,000 on his own mountains; and he owns a large range of mountain, beginning in the western part of Bavaria, not far from the fancy castle of Hohenschwangau, passing through the Vorder Ries, where the Iser makes a curve from the great post road, between Innsbruck and Munich, and does not join it again till Munich is reached, and on to Berchtesgarden. Roes are most abundant in the Rhine Palatinate, as well as in the woods near Nuremberg and Würzburg, and in the high mountains along the borders of Tyrol. Till 1848 they were also plentiful in the parts round Munich; so much so that, in one chase, from 100 to 180 were often killed. But these good times are passed. Hares still abound near Munich: in 1860, in one of the King's parks at Schleissheim, 989 were shot in one day. The marmot has died out, save in certain districts; the badger is still frequent; beavers are becoming rare; otters are found in almost all the rivers.

For birds, the capercaillie is found along the whole chain of the Alps, so far as the region of wood extends. Blackcock, moor-game and ptarmigan inhabit the same regions. Partridges are plentiful round Munich and at Schleissheim, and at a park and hunting-lodge in the neighbourhood of Munich. One preserve sometimes yields as many as 1,500 brace in the year. Pheasants are much scarcer, but still exist in the open country.

Bears were not rare visitors in the last century, but are now extinct. In the mountains of Upper Bavaria the last bear was killed in 1835. Wolves are also almost exterminated in the forests; though one was shot in 1837, near Tegernsee; three in 1848, in the Palatinate; one in 1852, in the Upper Palatinate; and one as late as 1859, in Lower Franconia. The lynx is extinct; the last of all having been killed in 1846. The wild cat is still occasionally to be found. Eagles inhabit the high mountains alone; but the uhu, or eagle-owl, is found in many parts of Bavaria. I have seen one which was kept in a gentleman's stable, and shown to the great terror of lady spectators.

E. W.

#### INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

ART-MANUFACTURES IN METAL: GOLDSMITHS' WORK.

Art-manufacture in metal may be said to be the oldest of all the arts; it has occupied the greatest intellects. Goldsmiths' work, taken in the sense felt by those who practised it in the Antique and Middle Ages, was not the least noble branch of the sculptor's art. It has a history that reads like a romance, and is associated with the fortunes and mishaps of mankind. For the sake of the precious material, infinitely more precious Art has been melted away, and Fashion destroyed more beauty than she has recreated, although the same metal may have passed through the hands of Constantine's goldsmiths, been re-moulded by Mabuimus, the Transalpine Tubal-Cain, got a blessing from the holy hands of "sweet Seynt Loy," the tutelary aurifer to whom has been attributed the chair of King Dagobert himself, and who founded Salignac Monastery, near Limoges, that spring-head of all the minor arts. Protean gold and silver have passed through so many forms, that the very articles here may well have served the turn of these occidental miracle-workers, even if made of western-found gold; but if their material is of oriental birth, Alexander's men may have torn it from King Porus or his people, when already old, in a bracelet or coronet, and have found its way, in Solomon's time, from the most ancient "diggings" of Golconda itself.

The metal that has had such vicissitudes merits our reverence; for who can look without concern upon what may have passed through the crucibles of the artists of the Pala d'Oro of St. Mark—those of Benelin or Bernard of Hildesheim,—been numbered in the inventories of princes—been under the hammer of Claux de Fribourg—re-melted for Hannequin, who made three imperial crowns—was metamorphosed by Gautier Dufour—and would have found it hard to escape falling into the hands

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of one of the immortal Florentines, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Della Robbia, Ghiberti, Cellini? Ninety-nine hundredths of what these last comparatively modern masters wrought during long lives have gone to the melting-pot, not once, but again and again. The great golden statues may have been cut up into rings, and chased by Woëriot of Lorraine. Theodor de Bry, Labarre, Vincent Petit, Defontaine, met equal grief in the melting-pot of Louis the Fourteenth, that great iconoclast, and became *louis-d'ors* to oppose Victor Amadeus or fight at La Hogue. The Bavarian Dillinger might have given much of it a new form in the eighteenth century, or some still be seen in the South Kensington Museum massed by the clumsy drudges of Anne's and George's times into hideous foot-baths or boot-jacks—awaiting a further and happier change, we hope. Thus the yellow slave has had many masters, and infinitely more lives than the phoenix. It is not the valuelessness of the material alone that has led to Art's destruction, but Fashion, cruel mistress, has cast away tons of the exquisite pewter of Briot, as if it were only good for bullets.

With regard to the forms assumed by the obedient metal in our time, it is impossible not to feel a deep disgust at the baseness of the art which has so often moulded it into shapes which, we presume from their constant repetition, are popular and esteemed amongst us. Racing and testimonial plates are the commonest dedications of gorgeous gold and beautiful silver now-a-days. Especially in the last there is nothing to prevent the forms of these objects from being in perfect consonance with good taste, while in the former the very return of the thing seems to demand a spirited design, many apt illustrative subjects, and always fine execution. If the prize of the Isthmian Games had been a silver horse, can we believe for a moment that the sculptor would have escaped lapidation who made the same with a candlestick branching between his ears, like the cross borne by the stag of St. Hubert, or set a tree of metal upon his saddle to bear up a glass dish? Amongst us, while we boast of Art's advance, similar follies are rife, and may be seen here in the cases of firms who should be ashamed of producing them. What can be more offensive and barbarous than the fact that in Messrs. Hunt & Roskell's collection exists the Napier Testimonial, designed by Mr. A. Brown, which represents the Hero of Scinde in a *howdah* upon an elephant's back? The group, well enough in itself, is inclosed and covered in by a sort of Gothic archway, from the pinnacle of which spreads out no less a thing than a *glass dish* (!). A group of figures gathered round a sort of architectural tree, whose branches develop into a series of candlesticks, with a figure of India in the middle to surmount the ill-proportioned whole, gives but a poor idea of the invention and education of our modern Cellinis. Such is the Lawrence Testimonial. It is a matter only for regret that the figures should be creditably modelled when the design is so preposterous. In this and other neighbouring cases appear monstrosities such as silver palm-trees, modelled without the slightest feeling for the natural beauty of the tree, luckily enough, because in its topmost branches nestles another glass dish. Such hideous and ridiculous combinations are common here, and peculiar to the "Testimonials." If a knight in armour, mounted, brandishing a lance and shield, be accepted as an appropriate subject for a racing-plate, although we do not see its fitness, the thing at least should be well done, and instead of becoming a burnished toy, be a tolerable work of Art. It will not be disputed that there is plenty of good modelling in a horse, if the artist will but attempt to reproduce it. Then, why not? We have failed to find one such example of excellent character amongst at least a score of prancing trinkets.

The root of the first-challenged sin against good taste lies in the narrow ambition people have to make their "Testimonials" useful, as it is phrased. The recipient must be able to put the thing as a centre-piece on his dining-table: hence the palm-tree bears a dish, and the Gothic arch bourgeois out in a platter. A Testimonial—need we say?—ought to have no base uses. Give a man a silver

candlestick, coal-scuttle, frying-pan, or what not; but own it for such, and do not attempt to evade the laws of Art and good sense by producing a sham dish-holder or candelabrum. No natural thing ought to have an unnatural use in Art: hence the absurdity of the palm-trees above. Nor ought a thing which is honorary attempt to extend its use beyond that of giving honour. The offence against good taste in making a thing do an unnatural office may be well illustrated by two apt examples, of contrasted merits, which are in Messrs. Muirhead's case. Here are two dessert stands, whose general outline is not dissimilar; they are antithetical in design. One shows three broad-winged dolphins which terminate their tails in foliage to bear up a dish. These are constructive absurdities. The second shows three eagles, which surround the dish without supporting it in any fantastic way, that office being entrusted to a central shaft. It will require small education to condemn one of these and applaud the other. These unimportant things are types of two distinct classes of design.

The introduction of figures, natural or grotesque, is in goldsmiths' work legitimate, and even desirable, whenever they are not absurdly engaged. This sounds like a truism, but the visitor will see how numerous and lamentable are the offences against it. Atlas may not crouch beneath a globe of glass, nor Cupid stagger under fifty pounds of solid silver. Figures may be well introduced when, as in Messrs. Elkington's case, a candelabrum, the lights being cleverly massed, and the stem distinct and strong, they appear as accessories, not constructional parts. This is the case in naturalistic or imitative Art. In grotesque design the same broad rule holds good. The fancy of the artist has no restriction in diversity of inventions or monstrosity of combinations; but what a supposititious or hypothecated figure does, it must be such as we can conceive it capable of doing; otherwise the result is fatally ridiculous, and exposes the poverty of the design. The Art of the Centaur, noblest of grotesques, lay in its harmonious union of parts.

We observe with satisfaction more than one excellent work of romantic design; one of the finest of these is Messrs. Hunt & Roskell's *St. George's Vase*, designed by Mr. H. H. Armistead. Great winged dragons form the handles, vigorously designed; the Saint surmounts the lid. Its shape is characteristic of its decorations; and several medallions illustrate the life of St. George. This artist has produced several works in silver, all of which will repay examination, if they are not all in the same good taste as this. An illustration of our remarks, respecting the disposition of figures upon such productions as these, may be seen in the *Brassey Testimonial*, a silver tazza, surmounted by a figure of Science, on a coral base, with a cable border. On the base are the figures of a sailor, a navigator, a miner and an engineer, designed by Mr. A. Barrett. Here the statuettes, being totally independent of the centre, and having no preposterous action forced upon them, are valuable adjuncts to the design.—One of the most beautiful works in the whole Exhibition stands at the south-east angle of Messrs. Emanuel's case, or trophy, in the Nave. It is entitled the *Undine Vase*, and displays many subjects and decorations characteristic of water, all exquisitely modelled. The handle is most elegant, springing lightly, yet with simplicity of curve, from the body of the vessel, marked at the junction by cleverly-modelled figures of a dog chasing a crane. This has, as if floating, a female figure gracefully bent round the curve, where it turns over to meet the vase's lip. We believe the general design of this vase would have been purer in taste if the abundant figures chased upon its body were absent or reduced in relief.—By way of perfect contrast, the student may examine the testimonial to the late Rev. Angell James, of Birmingham, which is not only hideous and commonplace in form, but seems, by the manner in which the face, filling a medallion in its front, has been modelled, to be executed in defiance or utter ignorance of the laws of sculptural relief.—In the same case, the *Costa Testimonial*, displaying a subject from 'Eli,' is apt, and, to some extent, spirited,

though rather commonplace in modelling. Near is an equestrian statuette of *Lady Godiva*, which has good points.—Upon its base, a composition in bas-relief, showing the Countess before her husband's people, although a perspective representation, a thing ever objectionable in its very nature, shows some cleverness in getting over the difficulty attendant upon the attempt.—Near to this are some candlesticks, representing an architectural column, sending out from its capital branches by way of light-holders. Now this, not being a direct imitation of a column, and in the realistic spirit of the works before questioned, is, from the imitation, in so far less objectionable,—although a column sprouting candlesticks is ridiculous enough at all times. The example is, however, so far from an imitation that we can afford to take it, without offence, as a mere ornament without significance. The distinction between this, the directly imitative example, those which are compositions without combining figures ridiculously, the romantic designs, and the single figures, such as the Crusaders, which fail only that they are not well executed, is worth examining by the student of Art, because the subjects exemplify marked phases of taste and education.

The introduction of enamel in our home decorations is always welcome to the artist and man of taste. Colour from any source is sure of a welcome. A few examples, by Mr. E. Wilms, should not be overlooked. A revival of the directly antithetical Greek taste will gratify all students. In Messrs. Angell's case is a superb vase of oxidized silver, very deep in tint, with figures engraved in outline upon its surface, and left the natural colour of the metal. The whole of this is in admirable keeping.—In Messrs. Hancock's case appears a splendid vase in oxidized silver, with representations of the meeting of Francis the First and Henry the Eighth, of very vigorous design, upon it. The handles of this work, composed of angels spreading out their wings, are excellent. The character of the metal, as adapted for the purpose, is well understood by the artist who produced this. In Messrs. Elkington's case, a beaker, of mixed character, like the last, lidded, with ivory oval tablets inserted in its sides representing the Muses, is delicately designed in the best taste of its order. As an example of the old-fashioned style of plate, which exemplifies so perfectly the clumsy, ignorant taste of the age of its prevalence, let us point to some enormous wine-baths and large pilgrims' bottles of silver,—mere ornaments of the most tasteless order, and, if difficult to manufacture, not worth the labour of beating their ill-conceived surfaces into form. These are in the case of Messrs. Lambert; made, of course, to order, but so ugly that one marvels how they can still be endured. Other productions in this case testify to the good taste of this firm in more artistic examples.

We must reserve a paragraph for the works of M. Antoine Vechte, whose taste and skill deserve the highest honour. The Vase marked No. 1, the property of the Queen, in Messrs. Hunt & Roskell's case, has, in its general form and chasings, signs of exquisite taste. The artist's magnificent Shield of dead silver, relieved with gold, numbered 21, although not finished, is a triumph of Art. The subjects are dedicated to Shakespeare, Milton and Newton. The border is of iron, with subjects suggestive of the great works of these greatest Englishmen. By the same is the *Titan Vase* (22), in what is called the Etruscan form, with figures in the style of Michael Angelo, representing the destruction of the Titans by Jupiter. On the summit the god is seen, astride of the eagle, hurling his bolts; supported by the handles, two mighty giants defy the thunderer,—a noble example, showing the artist's power of dealing with more than one style of design. Even this most able artist has not succeeded to his wonted pitch when attempting to give a double office to one object; witness the vase, to serve also as a candelabrum, which is intended to form a depository for the Poniowski gems, themselves rendered translucent by interior lights. The candelabrum portion of this design spoils and degrades it; its execution throughout is exquisite. We observe with satisfaction that Messrs. Hunt & Roskell, in whose case these beautiful works are,

give in every instance the names of the artists who have designed and executed all the articles they exhibit. This honourable rule is not everywhere followed.

In Messrs. Garrard's case are examples of several styles before designated. A *Fountain Temple* (1) shows some highly creditable portraits of horses, unhappily combined with a Hindoo edifice. A *Large Table Ornament* (5), the property of the Maharajah Duleep Singh, has a good model of an elephant and other figures, which, singly, are well designed. *Candelabra* (6), attached to the above, is by no means an example of good Art, but tends to mere *rococo*. The exquisite taste of the articles numbered 10, after Cellini, are strongly in contrast with the last and with many statuettes of Crusaders here to be found.

#### FRENCH METALLURGIC ART.

In productions of this class we find as great a contrast between the good and bad tastes they display as in those from English firms. In M. Tannière's case appears a beautiful shield of iron, displaying the exploits of Roland the Furious, in *quattro-cento* style, the figures in perfect taste; also a fine vase of silver, fifteenth century, with Cupids, which is praiseworthy, as are other works in the same compartment. — In M. Wiese's division is a noble work, supported by feet of crouching dragons, whose malignant eyes are beyond praise for expression. — Under the number 3270 will be seen a fine buckler, by M. Gueyton, with subjects from the War in the East, the figures, in alto-relief, boldly and vigorously massed. — In M. Rudolphi's case (3232) are many caskets combining silver with enamel; also a vase of similar character, Moorish in style, with fine handles, which is excellent. — The production of M. Christoffe (3204) meets the opposite poles of Art. — The immense plateau, which occupies the centre of the French Court, is a very questionable, though most elaborate, work. — In the French Picture Gallery will be found a magnificent silver vase (322), chased by M. Vechte with subjects from 'Paradise Lost.' This is worthy of the highest admiration. — No lover of old works in precious metals ought to omit a careful examination of those Egyptian treasures, Queen Ah-ah Hote's jewels, now in the Egyptian Court. — A Belgian centre-piece (837), in the nave, by MM. Dufour, with its locomotive engine running out of the base, has good execution upon a bad design.

#### ART WORKS IN IRON.

This class is unexpectedly a small one. Messrs. Skidmore's screen, corona and candelabra for Hereford Cathedral, and the canopy for the tomb of Bishop Pearson, destined for Chester Cathedral, which will be found in the Furniture Court, are the most prominent examples. They illustrate an attempt to adapt a branch of mediæval Art to modern uses. Colour, from various materials—brass, polished stones, copper, iron and pigments—is freely used to good general effect. In Art we approve the corona as the best work: there is an excellent decorative effect about it, although it is impossible not to see, even now, how monotonous and inelegant is the lower ring, from which the lightholders issue. This shortcoming will be even more visible when the article is suspended in the "crossing" of Hereford Cathedral at a much less elevation than at present. Its pyramidal mass and base are eminently good. In the screen total absence of those minute differences of parts, which mark the distinction between genuine work of the handicraftsman and those of the mechanically perfecting machine, lower its character as a work of Art. The square open-work panels beneath the arcade are all alike; the foliage above these is all alike; the shafts themselves, even to the most minute rosettes and mouldings, are as mechanically copies of each other as the machine could make them. Surely, in a work of such pretensions, it would have been no waste of designing power to have introduced those characteristic variations which show the designer's love of his work. The need of such variety is fully recognized in other parts, as in the heads of the arcade. The caps of the shafts are admirably designed, so are the statuettes on the wings; while that of Christ, which fills the *vesica piscis* over the central opening, is somewhat tame in action. Bishop Pearson's tomb

is extremely satisfactory, displaying a sound consideration of the nature of metal work. The designer of these examples deserves high praise for skill and knowledge of his art.

We cannot say too much for the adapter of Michael Angelo's Tomb of Lorenzo to a fountain. This is one of the most hideous productions in the whole Exhibition. The statue of Cromwell is horribly out of place; nor do the Gates, also exhibited by the Coalbrookdale Iron Company (6019), merit a high place in Art. The panels of the gates are not unpleasing; but the piers, from which issue capitals of profound disproportion, to support gilt figures of angels—themselves highly objectionable—are lamentable. — A light gate, by Messrs. Hardman (6305), inclosing their court in the east transept, having *fleurs-de-lis* between its bars, is extremely good in taste, and one of the prettiest works here. The Norwich Gates, by Messrs. Barnard, Bishop & Barnards (5980), are admirable specimens of design appropriate to their office as park-gates. — In the Mediæval Court will be found a font-cover and altar-standards designed by Mr. G. E. Street for the Church of St. James the Less, Westminster, which are good examples of characteristic style. — The great Fountains that have place and use in the Horticultural Gardens form noble ornaments of their class, which, if not the best in Art, is yet picturesque, effective, and even imposing. We prefer the smaller and simpler one on the west side, as less ostentatious, hence less offensive, than its companion, with a score of spouting nymphs, tritons, sea-horses, and what not. Imperfect as these things are, compare them with our miserable affairs, made of late superhumanly ridiculous, in Trafalgar Square. Compare them with the toy-like water-spinning, in an execrable taste, which wastes so fine an opportunity in the great central fountain at the Crystal Palace; compare them with the pitiful heap of "rustic-work," that would disgrace a suburban tea-garden, which the *savants* who supply taste to the Woods and Forests have lately made in Hyde Park. Consider such things, sorrowing reader! and hope that, if neither of these effective erections remains where it is, it may take the place of one or other of our official follies.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

SINCE we spoke of the unsunned historical treasures in the possession of the London Corporation, a proposal has been made to the City authorities that a sum of money should be devoted to the publication of those valuable illustrations of our early social and political history. This proposal has been declined; but we believe a suggestion was made to Mr. Henry Riley, the editor of the 'Liber Albion,' to the effect that if he would edit and publish at his own cost and risk, a certain number of copies would be subscribed for. This was not munificent on the part of the municipality; and Mr. Riley declines the venture. Meanwhile, Mr. Trübner is about to publish, by subscription, two works "illustrative of old London," and edited by Mr. Riley; viz., 'Chronicles of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London, and the Events which happened in their Days, from the Year 1188 to 1274,' and 'Chronicles of London, and of the Marvels therein, between the Years 1260 and 1343.'

A proposal is abroad for the restoration of the parish church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, as a memorial to the poet Milton, who, with Speed, Foxe, and other celebrities, lies buried in this church—a church which escaped the fire of London in 1666, and is, with the exception of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, the oldest church in London. By churchwardens' taste it has been defaced and deteriorated. Heavy and unsightly galleries were erected, and the roof, altered from its ancient to a kind of drawing-room character, displays a sorry example of bad taste and judgment. To carry out what is intended 3,000*l.* or upwards will be needed.

An Irish ex-solicitor, recently imprisoned for bigamy, has been committed for trial, for stealing books from the reading-room of the British Museum. His name is Eugene MacCarthy. The books were missed in September, 1857, and Mr. MacCarthy

was known to have had them as a reader; but nothing more seems to have been done than to deprive him of his privilege of resorting to the room. It was only when he got into other trouble, and that, separated from the lady whom he had injured, he laid humble claim to certain books "fairly his property," that, on examining the volumes before forwarding them to him, they were found to belong to the Museum Library. While in the "lifter's" possession, however, they had been enriched by numerous annotations and commentaries made by Mr. MacCarthy himself; and the press-mark on the covers was neatly concealed by the superimposed shield of the MacCarthy arms. The books consist of Dugdale's 'Ancient Usage of Arms,' 'Historical Memoirs of the Rebellion in Ireland in 1641,' Dod's 'Parliamentary Companion,' Lawler's 'Ireland,' and Hegel's 'Philosophy.' When Mr. MacCarthy comes to be tried for stealing these, we hope it will be explained how, on their being missed five years ago, and the fact of his having had them being known, no steps were then taken for their recovery, and the punishment of an alleged delinquent, whose address was, of course, registered at the Museum.

The obituary of the week notices the death of J. Lewis Ricardo, well known as a writer on Free-Trade and the Navigation Laws, and in connexion with the extension of the electric telegraph system. Mr. Ricardo had considerable knowledge of painting, and was possessed of several well-known works of Art.

Yet another of the noble army of workers has fallen on the very field of his labours—Dr. Thomas Stewart Traill, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in Edinburgh. He possessed a scientific knowledge connected with his professional duties, and a general knowledge connected with his editorial duties, not often equalled in their extent and profundity. The uniform excellence of the recently-published edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* may be, in great part, ascribed to Dr. Traill, who, as the editor of that important work, went carefully through every single article, and furnished above four hundred from his own pen. In him science and literature have lost a "good and faithful servant."

M. Thiers, naturally enough, will not accept any award that assigns him a literary position among the writers of imagination. A champion has appeared in print, who gives the name of a M. Mauduit as authority for the story of the French Eagle, so melodramatically recaptured from the Scots Greys. As to the difficulty about the Eagle itself being at Chelsea, the champion gets over it cleverly. It was brought to the feet of Napoleon, he suggests, with other trophies, all of which were abandoned in the *saute qui peut*, and, of course, this disputed Eagle was picked up by the collectors of unconsidered trifles, and thence brought to Chelsea! Honour to the brave fellow who carried it into the field! honour to the brave Ewart, who won it from him, and brought it to Brussels! The imaginative writers dishonour the one and outrage the other by their hard work between facts and theories.

The Lord Mayor, Sir J. Jebb, Capt. Galton, Commander E. Burstal, Messrs. Thwaites, A. Hunt, Maclean and Tite have been appointed Commissioners to consider the plans for making a communication between the embankment at Blackfriars Bridge and the Mansion House, and between the embankment at Westminster Bridge and that at Millbank. The subject before these Commissioners therefore is, in fact, the extension of the northern Thames embankment, soon to be in hand at both ends. We are of the opinion of several eminent engineers and architects, that the Westminster extension may well be made in front of the Houses of Parliament, on a somewhat lower level than the present terrace, if required, but otherwise with advantage to extend the same in breadth. The reduced pitch and height of Westminster Bridge allows the Houses to be seen from a new point of view, so as to seem less flat in length of line than before, when the old roadway dominated the great national edifice. In effect, we believe, the platform so produced will give dignity to the long mass

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of buildings by bringing them into connexion; it cannot, however, give the character of variety they demand, neither can it, for the same reason of its non-existence, spoil the same.

In reference to the following passage in the review of M. Salvete's 'History of Names' (*Athen.* No. 1817, p. 237)—"There are no cases in England, as far as we know, where the same Christian name is given, with others, to every member of the family"—a Correspondent writes:—"I beg to furnish an instance, that of the eminent Welsh family of 'Williams-Wynn,' in which every male offspring of the house receives the baptismal name of 'Watkin,' which, in the case of younger sons, is usually preceded by some other Christian name; and the reason for the custom is said to be a tradition that there must always be a 'Sir Watkin' in the Principality."—But this is not "an instance" to the purpose. It only applies to the males of a family; whereas our instance referred to a family wherein all the daughters, as well as all the sons, bore the name of Arthur.

One more Correspondent, on the subject of freaks and facilities in versification, begs to put in a word as under:—"Any idler desirous of a puzzle to solve may try to find a rhyme to the word 'step.' I know of no one, except 'demi-rep,' which is hardly admissible, belonging, as it does, merely to the dictionary of jargon.—The evasion of sibilants is not difficult; the use of them is not, under conditions, unmusical. I could name a chorus from Racine's 'Athalie,' 'D'un cœur qui s'aime,' set to music for eight voices, in which, by way of humouring the extreme smoothness of the composition, and to avoid the unpleasant collision of one choir with another, the hissing consonant is omitted in the translation from the French. I could name an Italian opera versionized, in which almost all the vowel sounds of the Southern language were purposely reproduced identically in English, wherever a singer's effect was to be consulted. These are only so many tricks of a craft, in which mastery can but be acquired by long practice: tricks attainable by any one having a sense for euphony, and some command over language and metre.—Then, that sibilants are not unmusical when carefully distributed, Moore's ballad, 'Oft in the still night,' is a fair example; as also, to go no further:—

There's a bower of fresh roses by Bendemeer's stream,  
And the nightingale sings in it, &c.  
It is this, it is this.

—As to rhyming whimsies, Hood's poem, in which the beginning words of every line, as 'Axes' and 'Taxes' correspond, shows another variety. 'There is nothing' (as the copy-head says) which is 'denied to well-directed labour.'—But let me propose another puzzle, ere closing this incoherent gossip, on a subject to which I have given some attention. I invite any translator in want of a difficulty to attempt to represent in our language, and in its own metre, and with its own recurrence of double-syllable rhymes (no matter howsoever feebly), the first magnificent chorus from Manzoni's 'Il Conte di Carmagnola':—

S'ode a destra uno squillo di tromba,  
—or even a half—or a quarter of it. Such a versifier would be a very Blondin among his peers.  
"Y. L. Y."

By way of "following suit" to last week's paragraph on the risk of human life, the appetite to behold which forms so barbarous a feature in our hunters after amusement (who will, nevertheless, wipe their mouths pharisaically and shudder if a Spanish bull-fight be mentioned), let us call attention to two more serious accidents which have just happened at Leeds to these poor creatures, made reckless by their desire to "satisfy demand." Both the victims are now in the Infirmary.

The Rev. W. Monk, of Cambridge, has received from Dr. Livingstone a letter, in which the writer gives an account of his journey near the Shire river:—"A tribe, called 'Ajawa,' has been employed to attack the Manganja villages, kill the men, and sell the women and children to the Portuguese for a mere trifle of calico. You cannot well conceive the state of disunion amongst the Manganja; the destruction of village after village

produced no effort at union against the common foe. A message only was sent down to Chibisa, as he is believed to possess medicine capable of insuring victory. The paramount chief, instead of aiding his subjects, kindly helped the slave-hunters over the Shire. We found that the whole nation was fleeing, and, hoping to stop this and the effusion of blood, went to hold a parley with the Ajawa. Unfortunately, we came upon them when in the act of burning three villages. The Bishop (Mackenzie) offered up a fervent prayer; and with the accents of that prayer we could distinctly hear the wail of the dead and the shrill scream of victory. As we advanced to their villages, our assurances that we came peaceably were nullified by some Manganja followers calling out, 'Our Chibisa has come!' and very unfortunately, although I heard it distinctly, it did not strike the mind that we were thereby deprived of the protection of our English name. They attacked us on all sides with poisoned arrows and four muskets, and I feel very sure that the latter were handled by Portuguese slaves. They certainly had a dress common among the slaves at Tette, and there was a square house, such as slaves often build, near the Ajawa villages. We retired slowly from the village; but this made them bolder. They came within fifty yards of us, and it was only by recourse to our firearms that we avoided all becoming food for the vultures. I am sorry that it was necessary; but it was the first hostile encounter I have had in Africa. Had I anticipated such an attack, I should have used fair words and presents first. We are, however, in the slave-market. We were twice robbed in the sphere of an Arab dhow's slaving operations, about half-way up Lake Nyassa,—the first loss by robbers I have sustained on the continent. Slaving is the parent of every vice. Life is of no value in the trader's eyes. We had ammunition with us barely sufficient to drive them off, their attack was so unexpected."

The following requires no introduction:—"You state in your review of the 'Memoirs of Distinguished Men of Science,' by Mr. Walker, Jun., that 'Mr. Hunt, the editor, has done his biographical work agreeably,' &c. Will you, in justice to Mr. Walker, correct this? I am not the editor, nor have I had anything to do with the work, beyond writing, at Mr. Walker's wish, the Introduction.—Yours, &c.,  
ROBERT HUNT."

Mr. Cave Thomas, in reference to our review of Mr. Poulett Scrope's work 'On Volcanos,' communicates "a simple and very interesting experiment which may be made to illustrate volcanic form and action. If fine sand and water be mixed to the consistency of a 'sandy mud,' an inch and a half or two inches deep, in a shallow iron vessel, and placed upon a stove sufficiently hot to boil water, craters will very soon be developed, and the surface of the sand assume very much the appearance of the moon's. Miniature volcanic action, too, is not unfrequently produced, dry sand being forced by the steam in jets through the small craters. Some caution," says Mr. Thomas, "ought to be observed in making the experiment."

Expiring local customs are always interesting to recorders; therefore we chronicle one still prevailing in many districts of North Devon. When a funeral takes place, the church choir assembles at the house of the deceased, and chants an anthem or psalm—most frequently the Thirty-ninth—while the corpse is borne to the church. This is repeated or varied, often with verses from the Psalms having reference to the character, age, circumstances or incidents of death and life peculiar to the deceased. Passing through the lich-gate, the corpse is placed upon the lich-stone, where such still exists, or more frequently upon stools removed from the church; standing round the porch, the singers repeat or continue their exercise. The corpse is then removed within the church; the regular service is performed, and when the committal to dust comes, parts of the Ninetieth Psalm are finally chanted. The friends of the dead frequently assemble at the house of mourning to partake of a moderate repast. It is said, to the honour of these last, that there never happens anything like the revolting scenes of gorging, drinking to

intoxication, still less the violence, characterizing the Irish wakes. In Devonshire attendance at the grave of a neighbour was, and is, considered something more than a compliment to the survivors. We are sorry to understand that this pathetic custom, time-honoured as it is, and traceable to a very ancient source, should fall into disuse. The local clergy might do much to continue the practice.

The French press exults in the encouragement afforded to Literature and the Arts by the Emperor in distribution of decorations and promotions in the Legion of Honour at his recent fête. These embrace M. de Saulcy, made Commander,—M. Thierry, theatrical critic,—M. L. de Lavergne, made Officier,—M. P. Desforges, also promoted. Three nominations as Knights have been given to dramatic authors; viz., to MM. Rosier, Dagué and E. Fourmier. The following are journalists:—MM. H. Castille, Grenier, Moisaud, Suchaux, Mazon, Claudin, Livet, De la Boulie, Lepine, Fieffé, Grandguillot, Reuss, of Strasburg. Some of these have European fame as full-blown authors. The musical world shares the honours well, by the promotion of M. Félicien David, the knighthood of MM. Reyer, Marmontel, D. de Varenne, Starnaty and Rely. Painting, sculpture and architecture have been thus representatively honoured: MM. Lenepveu, Belly, G. de Chaume, Marcellin, Chenavard and Davidoud; also M. Fereol, an actor.

Notwithstanding the extremely adverse commercial influences which cripple trade in the United States, returns show that between the 1st of January and the 23rd of June last no less than 4,234,185 gallons of mineral oil have been shipped to Europe from New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore. The entire country adjoining the Ohio below Pittsburg abounds with this oil, which exudes from the banks in such quantities as to form a film of oil on the river for a distance of seventy miles. The prismatic hues of the oil when the sun is shining are extremely beautiful.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY OF SKETCHES IN OIL, from Subjects in 'Punch,' is open every day from Ten till Dusk, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Admission, One shilling.

BEDFORD'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE EAST, taken during the Tour in which, by command, he accompanied H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria, Constantinople, the Mediterranean, Athens, &c. EXHIBITING, by permission, and Names of Subscribers received, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond Street, DAILY, from Ten till dusk.—Admission, One shilling.

## SCIENCE

*Links in the Chain; or, Popular Chapters on the Curiosities of Animal Life.* By George Kearley, with Illustrations by F. W. Key. (Hogg & Sons.)

THIS book may prove interesting and instructive for young people, and it might have been much more so if the illustrations had thrown any light or lustre upon the letter-press. A family group feeding a frog with flesh-worms, upon their supper-table,—a father with his boy, girl and dog sugaring a tree for moths,—the pets of an aquarium,—boatmen catching the great auk off the coast of Newfoundland,—two naturalists with torches alarming the great-leaved horseshoe bats in the Gudarigby Cavern,—a monkey which stoned away the children who threw stones at him when he was returning from the tavern with a pot of wine,—Le Vaillant's monkey cured of dram-drinking by the accidental ignition of the brandy,—and a title-page of vignettes exhibiting the gorilla, monkeys, bats, swans, frogs, deer, fish, anemones, shells, crabs, insect-hunting, searching the sea-shore sand, and gazing through the microscope, do very little to help the author when explaining the links of the chain of life, from the volvox to the gorilla. The illustrations of an elementary book of science ought to help the mind to understand the things explained by the type, and these illustrations are better fitted for catching young buyers than for teaching young readers.

When he has information to convey Mr.

George Kearley does it plainly and clearly; and, like many other writers, when he has nothing to say he writes many fine words. He is not well read, for example, on the history of the microscope, and therefore on this subject we have the usual hackneyed declarations in reference to its revelations, without any information of novelty or value. Of course, with the example of Mr. Gosse before him, he winds up every chapter with a homily written in the style of the sermons which are sold in manuscript. Some of his statements are so unguarded that they must prove puzzling and bewildering, if not misleading, to young minds. For instance, he says, every fragment of a mutilated hydra will produce a perfect animal; the fact being that it is only the parts containing eggs, and this only when the sections are made at certain seasons. Mr. George Kearley dilates upon the mistake of M. Ehrenberg respecting the *Polygastrea*, as if the mistakes of great observers were fit subjects for young readers and elementary books, and the accuracy of his own statements were not his chief business. More respect for merit would be shown by him if he had himself a single original, or novel, or valuable observation of his own to make on any group of animals from the desmids and diatoms upwards to the bats and monkeys. But if he has nothing to say, Mr. Kearley has compiled his information from a good many common books, and his compilation is well enough done to be useful to persons who have not had opportunities of reading his authorities.

Disquisitions, moreover, on reproduction by generation, by alternation, and by parthenogenesis, are out of place in a work of this kind. Prior to discussing the theories in question it is necessary to begin by understanding them. But sciolists rush in where masters fear to tread. And, again, writers wishing to write popularly upon natural history are no more bound to imitate the pleasantries of Mr. Edward Forbes than they are to imitate the homilies of Mr. Gosse. Quality is everything in jokes. An impotent facetiousness is a pitiful thing. The forms without the soul of wit and humour, the quips and cranks without the collisions of ideas, are less curious and less comical than the hah-hahs and guffaws with which certain laughing frogs and jocular toads celebrate their nuptial rites. Before quitting this book, there is one thing in it which we must stigmatize as truly reprehensible—an account of the appearance and a report of the conversation of poor Clare, the Northampton Poet, when his mind was in disorder!

*Memoirs of the Geological Survey of India. Palæontologia Indica. Being Figures and Descriptions of the Organic Remains procured during the Progress of the Geological Survey of India. I. The Fossil Cephalopoda of the Cretaceous Rocks of Southern India (Belemnitidae—Nautilidae).* By Henry F. Blanford. (Calcutta, printed for the Government; London, Williams & Norgate.)

This forms the first portion of a publication designed to be supplementary to the 'Memoirs of the Geological Survey of India,' of which we have noticed two or more serial Parts as they appeared. While the Memoirs and Reports describe the physical geology of the several districts surveyed, the present series is confined to a description of the organic remains obtained from those districts; and the present first-fruits are due to the pen of Mr. Blanford, under the general direction of Dr. Oldham, Superintendent of the Survey.

We shall not treat this Memoir as technically as Mr. Blanford has treated the subjects of it. Descriptions in doubtful Latin, with

explanations in equally doubtful English, may interest the scientific investigator well versed in conchological terms, and devoted to the dimensions of siphuncles and the diameter of outer whorls; but the mass of people are very obtuse about an "obtuse apex" and "a short sulcation"; of which, therefore, we shall make short work, for their sake.

Any reader, however, who is tolerably familiar with the elements and value of fossil conchology will feel considerable interest in glancing over the excellent lithographs accompanying this first instalment of illustrations of Indian Palæontology. They will at once bring strikingly before him a confirmation of that fundamental truth of palæontological geology, that in the main, and as a general law (not, however, to be pushed too far), contemporaneous strata are commonly identifiable by their characteristic organic remains. Inspect the fine cabinets of chalk fossils which one or two private gentlemen have collected from our British cretaceous beds, or examine the valuable collections of Dr. Mantell and Mr. Dixon in the British Museum, and if you ever see them under a suitable arrangement, you will observe that there is a general similarity between the belemnites and nautili extracted, perhaps, from the Sussex or Kentish chalk, and those figured in these pages.

Go also into any of the more productive chalk-pits of Lewes or Dover, and the workmen will offer you fragmentary "thunderbolts" (belemnites) and nautili, not to speak at present of the Ammonitidae and other fossils. Range them beside these lithographs, and it will at once be seen how closely the accepted axiom of geology holds true, that, however distant the localities, however different the rocks themselves in external appearance and mineralogical character, the contained fossils will indicate their contemporaneity in the scale of geological time; and whether in India or near the white cliffs of the English coast, the geologist who extracts certain nautili and belemnites from the cretaceous rocks knows that he is so far in possession of some means of establishing a palæontological position common to both lands. Each, in fact, of the principal groups of strata is characterized by some peculiar fossils, so that those found in one group do not occur in any other group; and if the collectors in Southern India can lay before us figures of the characteristic shells in their cretaceous group, we can at once compare them with similar shells in ours,—and then, without the necessity of telegraphic communication, we feel assured that our friends abroad are hammering upon an old sea-bottom of about the same era as that which we also are exploring at home.

It is the confirmation thus afforded to an interesting geological principle which imparts a general interest to such a publication as the present—an interest beyond the mere technical conchological details. The latter, indeed, are only tolerable as being subservient to the illustration of a great principle. It was from a careful examination of the fossils sent home from those formations that the late Prof. Edward Forbes determined that the rocks belonged to the Cretaceous period, and, even at the distance of so many thousand miles, marked out certain subdivisions of that group of rocks from the fossils before him. Mr. Blanford, indeed, has corrected some natural errors and wrong localities; but still the determination made by a palæontologist sitting in retired chambers in London is mainly correct. And, doubtless, the truth and value of the law of identification by fossil remains will appear more conspicuously as the series of the present publication progresses, and we have other genera and species of shells

laid before us. Cretaceous rocks themselves may vary extremely in appearance. They may consist of white chalk, or of black marble, or of brown sandstone, or of anything that looks most unlike our familiar chalk; yet the included fossils will indicate their contemporaneity in age—and it is to age alone that they will contribute unquestionable evidence.

These topics do not exactly belong to those to whom Mr. Jukes alludes, in a volume which we have recently noticed, as persons who, "with the usual ignorance of 'educated persons,' know no shells but oysters, mussels, cockles, periwinkles and snails, and do not feel very sure about them." And the same geologist adds in a note:—"The student will please to recollect that I am not here imputing blame to the 'persons,' but to the education of the present day. I have heard even Ministers of State holding office especially presiding over 'education,' who have not hesitated in society in London to speak of scientific men as 'mere beetle-hunters and bird-stuffers,' as if such occupations were beneath their notice, instead of being important aids to, and worthy parts of, education." Now, we believe that the said exalted stigmatizers of scientific men have been and are at fault by their unacquaintance with the principles which the pursuits of such men tend to illustrate. Any mere political economist who takes up this Memoir, for instance, and knows nothing of what we have above advanced, might naturally conclude that the Government of India was printing rather for the indulgence of bare conchologists than the advancement of broad scientific truth. And to such an inference the exclusively scientific descriptions of this publication would lend the appearance of propriety. Let it, however, be understood that these dry details of the parts and measurements of each shell go to identify genera and species, and thus lead to the far higher result of identifying the groups of strata of the same geological period; and then it will be conceded that even these details have their high value, just as the inscriptions of ancient coins establish the time of their issue, and speak to us down through the dim centuries of him whose image and superscription they visibly bear.

The getting-up of this First Part of the 'Palæontologia Indica' is creditable to Indian lithography and to the describer of the fossil shells.

*Sussex Archaeological Collections relating to the History and Antiquities of the County. Vol. XIII. (Published by the Sussex Archaeological Society.)*

THE importance of the county archaeological societies now established in many parts of the country can hardly be overrated. If they are well conducted, they drain the surrounding parts of their historic facts, collecting and preserving many things which, but for their agency, would sink into the earth or evaporate. They feed, as tributaries, the great stream of historic truth, and by their assistance we may look some day to have the history of our country written with an accuracy of detail with regard to the domestic manners and local customs of the people which has never yet been attained.

The Sussex Society is a good specimen of these associations, and the present volume is a favourable sample of their work.

We would direct especial attention to the paper in this volume on the old speech and manners in Sussex, by Mr. M. A. Lower. This is a vein of archaeological inquiry which is especially within the reach of these local associations, but which has been too little marked by them. It is only in quiet districts that the old speech and manners, or even the tradition

of them, words as the old of comm of all n whom it stagnatio customs obsolete instance doubt," is ill is when si The o fathers rapidly their de of them associat them w sages in satisfied ingenio a know would l The referred iensium he is no of a tru subject lowing "Alt man Co to the its loca racter o brave T coloniz and des men, sh to one land of by Job, we add peasant of Jobe English or 'Ju chorist ing 'w Anglo-garden peach- that h better the wo have r while the pe the sai tool, h a thou I ask that h Saxon, strong rubbish Anglo-penuli were i specim frame silver the ac honest potato them mean is out and w vides healing cover



of them, remain. In London or Liverpool new words are daily coined, and probably we lose the old ones nearly as fast as we gain the new. Old customs cannot live in the whirl and eddy of commerce, amidst the concourse of men of all nations, Jews, Turks and heretics, by whom it is carried on. But in the comparative stagnation of a rural district some of the old customs and many words which are elsewhere obsolete may still be found. In Norfolk, for instance, a man's heart may still "saggy with doubt," as did that of Macbeth, and a person who is ill is "laid," as was Peter's wife's mother when sick of a fever.

The old customs and the speech of our forefathers are, however, even in the rural districts, rapidly passing away. The navy is busy at their destruction, and unless the remembrance of them be preserved by these archaeological associations they will soon be lost; and with them we shall lose the key to many dark passages in our older writers, and have to rest satisfied with the too clever suggestions of the ingenious commentator on passages which, with a knowledge of the ways of our forefathers, would be without obscurity.

The writer of the paper to which we have referred boasts himself to be *Sussexensis Sussexiensium*, a thorough-bred South Saxon. That he is not deficient in the essential enthusiasm of a true antiquary, and that he can treat his subject with pleasantness, will appear by the following remarks on old Sussex words:—

"Although our county was the scene of the Norman Conquest, and notwithstanding its proximity to the Gallic continent, it still retains, not only in its local nomenclature, but in the physical character of its common people, many traces of those brave Teutons who, under Ælla and his successors, colonized these shores. The *dis* and *dat*, the *dem* and *dese*, the *ourn*, *ourn*, and *thirn* of our ploughmen, show plainly their German extraction. I used to wonder why day-labourers took in vain the name of one whom I considered as the Patriarch of the land of Uz, until I discovered that he swore, not by *Job*, but by *Jobe*, the Anglo-Saxon Jupiter. Let me add, that the word *jobal*, also employed by our peasantry, must be regarded as a direct derivative of *Jobe*, rather than as a corruption of the current English 'jovial,' which comes from the Latin *jovalis*, or 'Jupiter-influenced.' I now forgive the village chorister who, in the *Gloria Patri*, persists in chanting '*wurrudd* without end,' because that too is true Anglo-Saxon pronunciation. When my occasional gardener talks of the ravages of 'them *snags*' on a peach-tree, I bear with his vulgarity when I reflect that he is quite as near the true orthoepy as his betters who call the marauder a *snail*, for *snægl* is the word which Englishmen, gentle and simple, have modified in these two differing forms, and while the gentleman elides the difficult letter *g*, the peasant sticks fast in it, and says *snag*. If, too, the said gardener calls his curved spade a *grafting tool*, he is only using the talk of his forefathers of a thousand years ago, when *grafen* meant to dig. I ask him how his aged father does, and he replies that he is quite *stolt*, and again he speaks good Saxon, for that strange word signifies 'firm and strong.' And when he gathers up his weeds and rubbish into a *trug*-basket, he employs both an Anglo-Saxonism and a vessel which are almost peculiar to the county of Sussex. Some such *trugs* were sent to the Great Exhibition of 1851, as a specimen of Sussex industry, and one of them, framed in the neatest manner, and fastened with silver nails, was deemed a gift not unworthy of the acceptance of Royalty itself. When the same honest man buries his twenty or thirty bushels of potatoes for winter consumption, he calls it *healing* them up, and he still talks good Saxon, for *hælan* means to cover. If the thatched roof of his cottage is out of repair, he says that the *healing* is bad; and when he lies cold on a winter night, he provides himself with an additional blanket by way of *healing*. In all these applications the idea of 'to cover' is in his mind, just as it is in ours when we

speak of the 'healing art,' or when we talk of a wound being healed, that is covered with a new and healthy skin. Not long ago a parishioner of a Sussex village proposed a subscription, instead of a compulsory rating, for new *healing* the church. The clergyman, who was not of South-Saxon birth, was somewhat scandalized at the expression, which to his mind conveyed the idea that the church required *curative* treatment. The truth is that the Sussex villager knew his mother-tongue better than the Oxford scholar did. It is satisfactory to add, that the difference between incumbent and parishioner was simply verbal; for the venerable edifice was *healed* to the liking of the parishioner, and *tiled* to the satisfaction of the vicar—only the former was more happy in his word than the latter; for while the one derived it from the mother-tongue of his ancestors of long centuries ago, the other had to trace his through the etymological steps of *tile*, *tuile*, *tegula*, and *tego*, at last arriving at a precise synonym of *hælan*, the very word to which he had taken exception."

The lovers of the supernatural will find the old superstitions of Sussex pleasantly recorded. The faith in ghosts, &c. appears now to have flitted from the ignorant peasantry of Sussex to dwell with the idlers of Belgravia; at any rate, we are told that those of the peasants who retain a lingering faith in such things set a good example to the fashionable dupes, by being ashamed to confess their folly.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.  
Mon. Entomological, 7.  
Fri. Horticultural, 2.—Election of Fellows.

## FINE ARTS

### TEACHING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE noted last week that some measure of reform in the constitution of the Royal Academy was urgently needed, so far as relates to the election of good men and to the exclusion of the incompetent from its ranks. Of even more importance is it that a radical change be made in the method of teaching the students; such a change as shall utterly do away with the monstrous system now pursued, and which compels an unintelligent, mind-numbing study from the antique to be carried on from year to year, until a certain manipulative dexterity of working the chalk in the drawings themselves has been obtained, to no other result than that of qualifying the poor drudge of a youth to enter the upper or "Life School," where at last he may get a sight of nature. If his native powers of observation in study be not paralyzed beforehand by the lifeless conventionality of the Greek or Roman marbles, he then learns that four-fifths of his time have been wasted in mechanical toil ever afterwards to be unavailable.

The system of rudimentary Art-instruction in England is rigidly stupid, indeed stupefying to a degree such as moves the wonder of those who have had opportunities of comparing it with that followed on the Continent. The Royal Academy demands from its students, before their admission, a certain amount of power in drawing; each tyro must send in a copy from a complete nude male statue, preferably from the antique—the last, we believe, is not insisted on, although many years' acquaintance with the working of the institution does not enable us to name any case where a mediæval or modern statue has been received as the model for the purpose in question. Doubtless, there is nothing to complain of in this arrangement; the tyro can readily obtain sufficient skill in the Antique Galleries of the British Museum, which were at one time remarkable for sending up apt and original students—it may be because the youngsters there trained got their power without other teaching than that which is the best, *i. e.* such as one could give to the other. Even here, at the private schools, at those of the Art Department, even at home, or, in the case of those able to afford private professional instruction,—although this last, contrary to the French system, obtains little recognition here,—the student may well scramble together enough skill to enable him to

enter as a probationer for a term of six months, and therein prove himself fit for the honour of a full Studentship, tenable for ten years.

All this may be right enough; the Academy need not undertake the very foundation of an Art-education—indeed, it is well to have some sort of test of persistency and special ability on the part of the tyro. The evil, however, lies in the tyrannical rule which condemns, and has condemned for many a dismal decade past, the unhappy youth—too trusting in the good sense and rectitude of the Academy—to grind at the mechanical practice of statue-copying *alone*, until he gets the bone-polishing power of stippling up antique forms with chalk to the regulation pitch. It is not too much to say, that scores of youths have spent the most active, or what should be the most actively discriminating, years of their existence in following out this fallacy. This is done, so far as the Academy is concerned, entirely upon the soulless and heartless study of the antique.

Common sense and the practice of the Continental schools demand some attention to the mere still forms and idealized graces of the Greek or Roman Art work; but this should be, say those authorities and the opinions of most of our leading painters and critics, kept within the narrowest possible limits; no more, indeed, than to enable the youngster to conceive and represent the general forms and character of a limb—to study the very skeleton, so to say, of anatomical structures, and portray the figure with moderate felicity. We would urge the employment of models, flowers and leaves primarily, having vitality, so as to present always to the student's eyes the "motive" of *life*. Mix up this predominant law of nature for ever, we say, with the idea and law of Art. Art is life of life, not of death and silence and statuesque stillness.

The monumental abstractions of ancient sculpture were adopted in no small degree from the Egyptian aestheticisms; and as such, present to us, considering a painter's education especially, the most unfit models for imitation. To what an injurious excess the system of mere copying is carried at academies may be believed when we say that of our own knowledge it has been debated amongst students in Trafalgar Square if it were right or not right to copy the seams left by the *formatore* upon the cast set before them, or the accumulations of *dust* upon its surface. This is one result of a stupefying system that requires to be thought upon before its full significance can be perceived.

How can these things be wondered at? What can vitality, the soul of Art's executive demands, be valued at when teachers put forth lifeless, conventionalized, so-called "ideals" before the youth for imitation year after year? It would be a searching question for the Committee now about to investigate the question of Art-education, as in the hands of the Royal Academy, if they obtain from the books of the institution—1. The number of students admitted in any given period to the Antique School; 2. The number admitted to the "Life"; and 3. The periods of time spent by the same in the lower or merely mechanical class. The answers to these questions will, we vouch, astonish the Committee, and, it may be, the Academy itself. They will, more than anything else, explain the cause of the national deficiency, so lamentably observable at the present great display at South Kensington, in the most noble art of drawing, upon which we have more than once commented with sorrow. Hence will be seen why our artists so rarely draw as if they knew the structure of the body,—its motions, elegances, varieties, powers. How shall a mind, case-hardened for years in the exclusive study of the antique, persuade itself, when young energy has fled, to grasp at the new thing the "life" presents, unless, indeed, it have a vitality not one in a thousand possesses? We are strongly persuaded that the returns above suggested will show how numberless students drudge at drawing from statues for two, three, four, even more years, ere they are admitted to the "life" school, where—we write with amazement at the cruel folly of the thing—no such power as mechanical copying can avail the eman-

cipated mortal who is there called upon to practise a knowledge he has been carefully excluded from obtaining.

It is fair to say, that the Royal Academy does but act upon a principle which in the Government Schools of Art is even more rigidly carried out: there the system of copying from the "flat" is persisted in to a degree which not only provokes the ridicule, but the indignation of all artists. The mere theory of the Art Department Schools respecting their practice in this vital and fundamental detail, however, offers an excuse the Royal Academy cannot claim. The former profess the object of teaching to be "design" for manufactures, which, by a strange anomaly, it would do by primarily divesting the student of all necessity to observe—which is only another word for "design"—during his early studies. The Royal Academy has other ends—would teach Art, *i. e.* practically or executively the representation of *life*, by ignoring vitality altogether for the early years of practice, and, with blunted faculties, suddenly plunges the pupil into its study, wherein all his faculties of observation and thought are called into instant play.

How this blunder may be remedied is obvious enough. Let the student, prepared as now by a preliminary course of practice from the antique or whatever he pleases, produce a tolerably correct drawing; admit him to the Royal Academy; put the life-model before him two or three days in each week, increasing the period for its use as progress is made; the days not so occupied devote to the antique, dropping the latter practice for the former within a comparatively short time, and always have the idea of *life* before the student by keeping the living model for use in the same apartment where the antique is studied;—now they are heedfully separated. Let intelligible discourses be delivered upon the human structure—above all, on its movements in action. Discourses upon the *principles of Art* are perfectly useless to the student, however well suited to display the erudition of the Professor. In this matter Reynolds did his successors an ill office, evidenced in the endless attempts at mere literary style, and even elocutionary graces, under which Academy audiences suffer. Keep the life before our students; moderate, but keep exact, their practice in mere chalk drawing; mix the last *early* with firm and decisive *painting* from models; discourage picture-copying beyond the merest exercises, and do not, as now, reserve the "School of Painting" as an afterthought to the "life";—in short, rouse the independent faculties of the student's mind,—not, as now, mechanically drudge them down,—and we shall then get all an Academy can give.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—We congratulate the managers of the Temple Church restorations upon the sensible manner in which their office has been executed. The whole of the exterior of the north side, at one time hidden behind houses, has been made visible by their removal. On the north side, the original character of the masonry has been kept, as it should be, a rubble surface, not smoothly cased in wrought stone, as before. The faded portions of the window-dressings and the buttresses have been replaced. The glass in the north-side window has been taken out and replaced with common white glass, in time, we believe, to yield to stained glass. We trust the managers will remember that a stained-glass window must not be a *picture*. Good *grisaille* will be a thousand times preferable to a tawdry transparency, be in better keeping with the building, and not cost a twentieth part of the money. The western porch, in Inner Temple Lane, has been restored very creditably, in good keeping with its original character, which is of later date than that of the Round Church. Messrs. St. Aubyn and Smirke are the architects. The re-opening is to take place on the 5th of October.

The obituary of last week notices the death of Mrs. Anne C. Bartholomew, on the 18th inst. Mrs. Bartholomew was well known as a most accomplished painter of flowers.

Many of the leading painters and almost all the

sculptors, whose works are at South Kensington, have protested against the tone of the drapery, employed as a set-off to the statues in the picture galleries, as not only unsuitable to the marble, but most injurious to the adjacent pictures. It must not be urged against these protesters that their objections are urged nearly four months after date. The thing has been complained of from the beginning, even before the Exhibition opened. The complaint is that the darkness of tint in the drapery referred to diminishes, by intensity of contrast, the half-tones and shadows of the sculptures, and reduces the intended relief of the same. With regard to the pictures, the dominant force of the drapery is said to destroy or depreciate their warm tints. It is added, that the condemners of the error would have made a public protest long ere this, but they were led to understand that the same would be needless through the desired alteration being made. Finding no such change to be contemplated, the subscribers thus protest against the repetition of the practice, and in order to form a precedent for future reference so express their opinion. At the same time, deeply regretting the necessity for this form of application, the memorialists desire, even now, that the required alteration may be made, to protect the interests of those who have earnestly assisted to carry out a great common object. It is beyond question that these complaints are well founded; at the same time, the artists are well aware that the Commissioners are only officially responsible for the error, and that some well-known members of their own profession were intrusted with the office of arranging the works in question. We trust the desire no strenuously urged will be agreed to, but believe it would have met with equal attention if preferred at an earlier period. It is evidently not desired to remove the statues or re-arrange the pictures, but simply to substitute a more neutral tinted drapery for that which now backs up the sculptures. This may be easily done, and will be done, no doubt.

The Surrey County and Borough Halls, designed by Mr. T. Goodchild, of Guildford, at the same place, have been opened. They show a very creditable amount of skill in design by a fortunate combination of decorated and perpendicular work. The edifice contains one great hall for Assize uses, &c., a grand-jury room, and other apartments—intended for the accommodation of the Literary and Working-Men's Institute of Guildford.—Mr. G. J. Phipps, of Bath, has been selected as the architect of the New Theatre, Bath.—Mr. E. Holmes is to erect the new Exchange building at Birmingham; and a design of his, selected from competition, promises to be, not only useful, but exceeding good, as a specimen of fine Gothic art.

We are glad to understand that in the works now going on in Durham Cathedral for the restoration of the Chapel of the Nine Altars, the ancient sculptures are to remain *untouched*, however much mutilated. All the shafts of fossil marble are to be repolished by machinery, and where this cannot be done without diminishing their diameter, or such do not exist, new ones are to be placed. The edifice is a noble one, amongst the finest specimens of thirteenth-century work, and a restoration on conservative principles has been long desired.

A fine collection of objects, collected by M. E. Renard during his sojourn in Phœnicia, has recently been deposited in the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris. This comprises a large number of jewels, with gold and precious stones, works in glass, clay, bronze and marble, no less than sixteen large sarcophagi of white marble, or alabaster, and a great mosaic, more than 30 feet long and 20 wide. This has the usual border of foliage, but of unusual width; it is divided into sections of oblong form, containing heads of men or divinities, and is surmised to be of the Roman period.

The Church of St. Martin, at Courtrai, was destroyed by fire on the 9th inst. This building is well known. We regret to learn that the clock, which was even more famous, was burnt.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, Covent Garden, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, *Sole Lessees*.—*OPEN for the SEVENTH OPERATIC SEASON.*—Arrangements for the Week. During the week the following eminent Artists will appear:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Thirwall, Madame Laura Barri, Miss Susan Pyne and Melle. Porep; Messrs. W. H. Weiss, A. St. Albans, Charles Lyall, Henri Corra, J. G. Patey, George Perren, Amyntor Cook, E. Dussek, John Rowe, and V. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.—On Monday, September 1, and Friday, 5, Wallace's Grand Opera, in Three Acts, entitled *MARITANA*. The Libretto by E. Fitzball. The Music by Vincent Wallace. On Tuesday, September 2, Thursday, 4, and Saturday, 6, Benedict's highly-successful Opera, in Three Acts, entitled *THE LILY OF KILLARNEY*. The Libretto by J. Oxenford and Dion Boucicault. The Music by Mr. J. Benedict. On Wednesday, September 3, Meyerbeer's Romantic Opera, in Three Acts, entitled *DINORAH*.—Doors open at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s.; Amphitheatre, 1s.—The Box Office open daily from Ten to Five, under the direction of Mr. J. Parsons. No charge for Booking or Fees to Box-keepers. No restriction to Full Evening Dress.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

It is impossible to enter on the reduction of the heap of heterogeneous publications now to be disposed of without making a general remark, in which satisfaction is implied. Our English instrumental composers write better than they did: and though there is too little temptation for them to devote themselves to producing those solid works by which names and fames live, they show welcome signs of intelligence, refinement, and (before all) emancipation from a manner,—which, for a while, bade fair to become oppressive, if not fatal. It is to be hoped that we are not very distant from the end of the period in which Mendelssohn's thoughts, chords, forms and fancies have been produced and reproduced, till they have arrived at (almost) wearying those who best recollect, revere and appreciate the last of the musical poets of Germany. The habit is as old as Time. There will be always "school works" in painting;—works cold and finished, from a school of copyists, who diluted the already borrowed grace of such an artist as Guido. There was a respectable composer named Winter, one well esteemed during his life in Germany,—prosperous and benefited; who wrote, as it were, with Mozart's ink, profusely watered, Opera after Opera, Mass after Mass,—every one of which has perished. Which of our aspirants would care to earn such a reputation,—supposing them to aspire beyond the means of subsistence?

Thus much, by way of forwarding what every lover of Music must have at heart—independence in conception, to be borne out by scientific experience and knowledge. Thus much, in protest against Domenico's yellow, and Sir George Beaumont's "brown tree,"—and the pedal-bass of this pedant, and the four horns (or a bass-clarinet) of the other would-be inventor—in vindication of individuality.

Now, to speak of what is before us. It would be hard better to illustrate the advance in English composition and English amateurship, than from this *Second Pianoforte Trio*, Op. 20, by S. W. Waley (Schott & Co.). It is melodious: it is pleasant to hear; interesting to think about, and proves ingenious when perused. A certain timidity of fancy, which has been noticeable in former works from the same writer, would seem in process of being worked out. This will always, we hold, in Music prove to be the case,—provided the hand is exercised freely and frequently. A poor melodist can become, in the end, a rich one.—The home specimen of classical composition shows to no small advantage if it be measured against a first *Sonatina for Pianoforte and Violin*, Op. 36 A, (Offenbach, André), by George Goltermann. A "Sonatina," it is true, can tax no one terribly,—if even the violin (a difficult instrument, under such restrictions, to manage,) takes part in it. But this, even when measured as a *Sonatina*, is, as the Americans say, "cruel small."—The last pieces of classical music here to be mentioned are Mozart's *Andante for the Flute*, with accompaniment for the orchestra, Op. 86; and his *Pianoforte Concerto*, for two Pianos, arranged by himself from one for three pianos, (Offenbach, André),—probably thrown off for some passing concert,—written in 1776:—a posthumous work. The freshness of idea, the wealth of resource in both of these, are not to be

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overstated; nor the amount of effect, which in a Concerto or display-piece still goes for something,—even though the world has been of late invited to consider “concealed effects” as well as “concealed melody.”

How great was the pleasure given to all true Pianoforte-players, the other day, by M. Thalberg's return to Pianoforte life, need not here be recalled. Here are half-a-dozen of his “Transcripts” of opera tunes—and, what is better, an original *Ballade* (Boosey & Sons)—none in the list, let it be said once for all, to be played by any one else, so as to reproduce the effect made by the most admirable, sure and sonorous Pianoforte hands in the record of man. The ‘Ballade,’ however, has another life in it—the life of an originality,—cold, constrained, it may be, yet withal real. M. Thalberg has done things such as no mere mechanic could do. There are hand-studies by him which bear the test of time. There is a ‘Barcarolle’ in his preposterous Pianoforte solo *Sonata* well worth any one's playing; and this ‘Ballade’ belongs to the same family.

Mr. Sullivan's *Thoughts*, Nos. 1 and 2 (Cramer & Co.), are real thoughts—real devices and desires,—justifying to every one the remarkable reputation won by his ‘Tempest’ music.—With these may be mentioned a *Valse-Caprice* and a *Réverie* by Mr. Cousins, both of good quality (Ashdown & Parry).—Mr. Grettton's *Die Waldstrome*, Op. 14.—*Ein Feen Wunsch*, Op. 15.—*Die Lerche*, Op. 16.—*Erde und Himmel*, Op. 17.—*The Child Waltz*, Op. 18.—*Der Hezen Tanz*, Op. 19.—*Grande Marche à Trois Mains*, Op. 20.—*Caprice Pathétique*, Op. 22, (same publishers), are merely so many items in the too long list of small compositions highly christened.—In the same thousand may be included three instrumental melodies,—*The Lover's Song*, *The Maiden's Song*, *The Hunter's Song*, by E. H. Turpin (Addison & Co.).—Three fancy pieces—*Fête Rustique*, *Scène de Chasse*, *Fleurs et Pleurs*—by Arthur O'Leary (Ewer & Co.), are far better than the above; because they have fancy in them and melody, and the finish in structure which bespeaks good teaching.—*Un Rêve du Rhin*, by Gertrude Smith (for the Author, Duff & Hodgson), is an amateur Dream.—Mr. Sydney Smith's *Crystal Palace Recital Music*, there played (it is stated on the title-page) with unbounded applause (Augener & Co.),—a *Tarentelle*, Op. 3, and *Mountain Stream*, a *Characteristic Piece*, may be handed over to the “unbounded applause” of the publishers. Why will people, whether inventors or purchasers, so compromise themselves?—M. Emanuel Aguilar does better in all his music; as his *Sunset Glow*, Op. 22, and *Dream-Dance*, Op. 27, No. 1, and *War-March* for two performers (Davison & Co.) testify. He writes with purpose, and with care.—Mr. Hartog has set our old, threadbare ‘Home, sweet Home!’ for piano and violin (Augener & Co.),—a tribute to the tune which ranges with ‘The Last Rose of Summer’ (neither of them being a genuine national melody).—*L'Espérance*, *Valse Brillante*, by H. Goudron (Jewell),—*Première Valse Brillante*, by John Farmer (Farmer & Frewith),—*Aus der Blumenwelt*, four pianoforte tunes,—*Air Bohémien-Russe*, varied for the pianoforte, by Alfred Jungmann (Cramer & Co.),—*Ma Chaumière*, *Réverie Mélodie*, by Jules Bertrand, Op. 112 (Augener & Co.),—*Souvenir de Styrie*, *Styrienne*, Op. 85,—*Souvenir de Naples*, Op. 86, by Jean Kafka (same publishers), are not good for much.—The same description will cover *Edith, a Romance*, by George Forbes.—*Trilby*, the *Sprite*, a *réverie* by Ernst Lubeck,—*Sous le Balcon*, *Sérénade*, Op. 46, and *Invitation à la Polka*, Op. 48, by Jules Sprenger (the above, Ashdown & Parry), are a shade better.—*Mignonette*, *Impromptu*, by Caroline Molique (Ewer & Co.), is as good as an accompanied melody by her father's daughter should be.—*Le Métore*, by H. A. Wollenhaupt (same publishers), is more showy than substantial.—*Le Chant des Pêcheurs* (Metzler & Co.), by Mr. Goodban, has considerable elegance.—*The Allurements of Love*, ‘*Serech Hudol*,’ varied by Robert Sloman (Addison & Co.), is a fine Cambrian tune, not well varied. Mr. Sloman's own *Melody without Words* (same publishers) is better.—Madame Rosalie Thémar has not been well advised in her transcript of Mendelssohn's well-known *Lied*,

*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges* (Lonsdale).—*Giulia Gentil* is a dashing *morceau* from the same hand (same publisher).—A very agreeable and interesting collection of music, ancient and modern, arranged for one or two hands, is in progress by W. H. Holmes (same publisher).—Bononcini's *Air*, written to assuage Sarah of Marlborough's sorrow at Congreve's death, is a fine fragment of old-world melody, proving that the ‘*Tweedle-dee*’ brought into rivalry with Handel's ‘*Tweedle-dum*’ was anything but “the ninny” spoken of in the well-known sarcastic epigram. There is a high-born grace of “state and ancients” in this tune.

And now Patience will break loose; and as time is short, and space narrow, and our readers, we are sure, have heard enough of Pianoforte Music, we are no less sure that they will be glad to be excused, even in enumeration of titles, all specification of a heap of bad dance-tunes, not any one of which has savour or sprightliness—not a few of them garnished with tawdry lithographs.

*The History of the Harp*, by Mr. Aptommas (published by the author, in numbers), must be reserved for a separate study. Suffice it, in the meanwhile, to say that, so far as we have followed it, it appears carefully and intelligently wrought.

NEW ADELPHI.—On Monday a version of the French drama, ‘*Adrienne Lecouvreur*,’ was produced at this theatre, in order to introduce Miss Avonia Jones in the part of the heroine. In 1849 Mr. John Oxenford placed a version of this play on the stage, entitled ‘*The Reigning Favourite*,’ in which Mrs. Stirling distinguished herself as the unfortunate *Adrienne*. The version used on Monday was an American adaptation, very inferior in its text and construction, and scarcely intelligible in its development of the subject. Miss Jones did herself much wrong by placing this merely provincial and provisional piece on the London stage, and trusting her reputation to so frail a bark. The part of *Adrienne* is scarcely suitable to Miss Jones's ponderous style. In the early scenes it demands powers which it is evident she does not possess—namely, delicacy, refinement, and stage *finesse*. Miss Jones's pronunciation was, to English ears, frequently defective; and her lower tones were so clouded, that it was frequently difficult to make out the words. Familiar dialogue, accordingly, forms no part of her style, and she was anxious to break up the even tenor of ordinary conversation with some burst of passionate emphasis, or some sentence that was favourable to the chanted system of elocution, the general result of which is so monotonous. Until the last act, however, the actress was baffled in her endeavours to produce her favourite effects in this way, and the action of the scene became flat and uninteresting. The final situation, nevertheless, was acted with force and power; and the various phases of passion produced by the insidious poison were delineated with due discrimination. The effect of the scene was much enhanced by the admirable acting of Mr. Toole, in the part of *Michonnet*, to which, throughout the piece, he gave a prominence that pleased the audience. Mrs. Billington, as the *Princess*, acted with much propriety and energy; and, by her address in taking advantage of the stage-points of character, gave interest to the scenes in which she was a principal figure. Of Mr. Billington, as *Maurice*, we cannot speak commendably. He appeared embarrassed, and failed to produce the impression that he was an ardent lover either of the unfortunate actress or her princely rival. For much of this, however, the passionless texture of the dialogue is responsible. On the whole, the performance cannot be recorded as satisfactory.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Robson has appeared during the week in ‘*Boots at the Swan*’ and ‘*To oblige Benson*.’ To these was added a new farce, entitled ‘*A Powerful Party*,’ in which Mr. Worboys appeared in the part of a street-tumbler, as the guardian of a married lady against the troublesome attentions of a gentleman, who does not seem aware that there is a time and place for everything. The piece was coldly received on the first night, and has since been “withdrawn for the present.”

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The supplementary season at Her Majesty's Theatre is announced as positively to close this evening. At one of the last performances, being disappointed of Signor Giuglini (who, indeed, has too often disappointed his public this season), the management was obliged to avail itself of the services of Mr. Walter Bolton. Mr. Swift has been the *Pollione* to the *Norma* of Mdlle. Titens. From these things it would almost appear as if Italian Opera can now hardly get on without the aid of English artists, major or minor. While on this subject, attention may be justifiably called to a feat done by Mr. Santley this week, which of its kind has never been exceeded. It is no light matter to sing, on Monday, English, in ‘*The Lily of Killarney*,’—on Tuesday, Italian, in ‘*Il Trovatore*,’—on Wednesday, English, in ‘*Dinorah*.’ To say nothing of the exertion implied, three more differing operas than these could hardly be picked out. The public need not be reminded of the steadiness and accuracy with which everything undertaken by Mr. Santley is accomplished. Some finish, it is true, may be still wanting; in order to acquire this, let him not over-tax his powers either of voice or of memory.

The Royal English Opera began its season duly on Monday. As its prospectus has announced, there are several additions to the company besides those mentioned by us—the most important of which is the substitution of Mr. G. Perren for Mr. Haigh. (What, by the way, seeing that the question is of tenors, has become of the beautiful voice of Mr. Rigby?)—Among the novelties to be given presently, rumour speaks of an opera by Mr. Macfarren called ‘*The Helvetians*.’—The only engagement we have yet heard of as having been made by the “Limited Liability” Company is that of Mr. Tennant, an agreeable light tenor. Mr. H. Leslie is to be the conductor.

The perennial ‘*Messiah*’ has been twice given by the Sacred Harmonic Society for the Exhibition guests. There is virtually thus no stoppage of the London musical season, though the production of novelties be, for the moment, suspended.—Next week the provincial Festivals commence; at which, as has been noted, no feature of fresh interest is forthcoming.

The French translation of ‘*La Serva Padrona*’ (which has also just been given at Baden-Baden) proves to be of Pergolesi's opera, not Paisiello's, as we fancied might be the case. There being no overture, the operetta, as performed in Paris, is preluded by one of Scarlatti's *Sonatas*, scored by M. Gevaert.—The revival of ‘*Jean de Paris*’ has not been successful, owing, it is said, to the incompetence of the new tenor, M. Warnots. The next revival at the Opéra Comique will be ‘*Les Deux Morts*,’ by Dalayrac.

To the publications of the German Bach Society, now eleven years old, we hope one day to devote some space. The fecundity of the master is proved by them to be more astonishing than even those best read in his writings had dreamed. The second part of this eleventh issue contains dramatic music in the form of an opera called ‘*The Strife betwixt Phœbus and Pan*,’ and a *pièce d'occasion*. Let us ask once again when we are to hear his ‘*Christmas Oratorio*’ in England?

At Würzburg, there has been, or is to be, a performance of Mr. Pierson's Oratorio, ‘*Jerusalem*.’—It is now stated that M. Rubinstein's new opera will be produced at Dresden. The same active composer has also finished a third Symphony, on which the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* is disposed to be critical—admitting small excellence in any composer who has succeeded Schumann. This partisanship with many in Germany now amounts to idolatry; but “our cousins” are particularly ready to take fivers in such matters, and the extravagance will pass.—Herr Hesse, the renowned Prussian organist, has been playing in Paris (says the same journal) without success. This will surprise no one familiar with his style as compared with that of the popular Parisian organists; but we have no right to throw their coldness as a reproach in the teeth of our lively neighbours, when we recollect the almost ignominious neglect with which the Nestor of German organists—Herr Schneider, of Dresden—was treated in London.

We are informed that an ingenious English lady has prepared a version of Mozart's 'Schauspiel-Direktor,' having modified the original book, which, truth to say, was not of the strongest; and, by way of giving scope to the introduction of any of the composer's pieces, familiar or unfamiliar, and of extending the scale of the opera, having brought forward Mozart himself as a principal character. Such experiments as this, and the more restricted but most happy one made by M. Carvalho during his management of the Théâtre Lyrique, of re-arranging the silly book of 'Die Entführung,' stand or fall by their success alone, and not in obedience to the scrupulosity of the pedants. They evidence, however, an increasing determination not to let some of the loveliest music in the world die because of the wretched quality of the canvas on which it has been embroidered. Their significance, too, should not be lost on composers when selecting their subjects.

It appears that the statement that Mr. Falconer had settled with Mr. Webster for the Princess's Theatre was premature. An advertisement announces that the theatre is to be let on lease.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Weather-Charts.**—Can you inform me if there is such a thing published as a weather-chart like Mr. Glaisher's, but containing columns for the registry of the wet and dry bulb hygrometer and rain-gauge? In these days, when Admiral FitzRoy's predictions are so frequently consulted, and an increased interest seems to be felt in the science of meteorology, many persons who keep private notes of the weather, barometer, &c., would, I am sure, be glad to know where to procure a simple and neat form or blank table in which to register and see at a glance the curves of temperature, pressure, quantity of rain and description of weather. Such memoranda made in different parts of the country would, no doubt, form valuable additions to the records already kept, and if those who made them would send their addresses to the Meteorological Society they might become available for the purpose of framing rules to assist in judging of the probability of coming changes from wet to dry weather and vice versa.

**Rain-Glass.**—"A Subscriber," who has tried Mr. Zuiller's Rain-Glass, says:—"From seeing an account in your number for July 26 of a novel and very simple rain-glass, I was led to try the experiment. I have had it on trial for about three weeks. It is true that it is remarkably affected by the weather; but I have found it act directly contrary to the statement of Mr. Zuiller. He says that before rain the water will rise in the neck of the inverted flask; but I have found it rise before fair weather, and fall before rain; and this invariably since I have had it in use. I may add, that a gentleman near me began the new rain-glass on the same day with me; and his glass has all along acted the same as mine, rising before fair weather, and falling before rain, just like the ordinary barometer. If this meets the eye of Mr. Zuiller, an explanation from him in your paper would much gratify me."

**Ancient Glass.**—With reference to the analysis of the Pompeii Glass, by M. Bontemps, of Paris, given in the *Athenæum* of the 9th inst., I beg to observe that it strikingly corroborates the accuracy of that made some years ago at the Museum of Geology, Jernyn Street, by direction of Sir Henry De la Beche, and of which the following is a copy:—Silica, 70.58; Soda, 18.86; Lime, 8; Alumina, 1.80; Protoxide of Iron, 0.53; Protoxide of Manganese, 0.48; Magnesia, a trace. This analysis has been long before the public, and is exhibited in the case containing the Cinerary Vases and other specimens of old Roman glass, for the most part collected in the vicinity of Naples many years ago by Sir Woodbine Parish. M. Bontemps pronounces the specimens submitted to him to have been cast and rolled, not blown. Many of those in Jernyn Street also exhibit unquestionable evidence of being cast; but there are others which there can be as little doubt were blown.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—R. S. H. C.—Theta—T. H.—G. S.—Collegiate—J. S.—H.—received.

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